Saturday Review

of Literature

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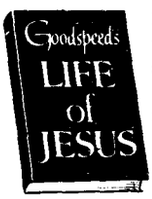

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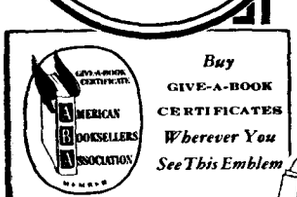

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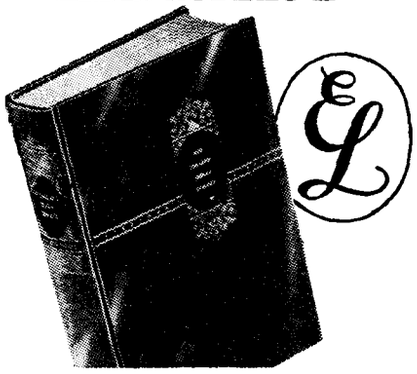

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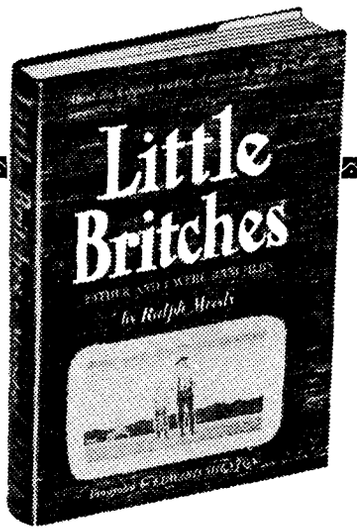

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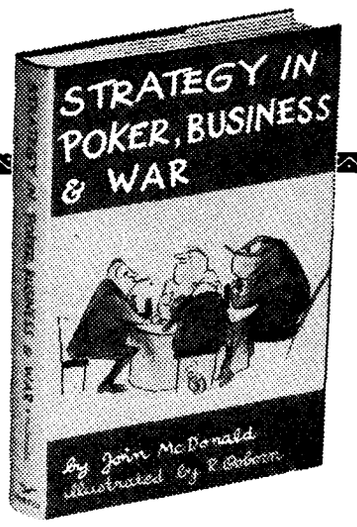

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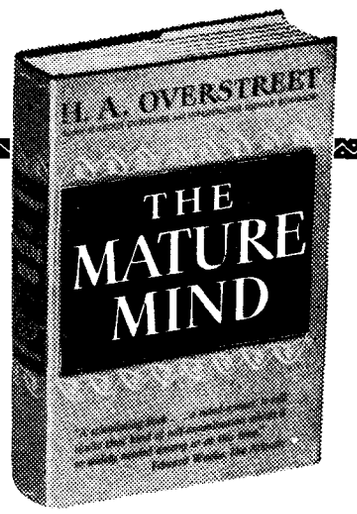

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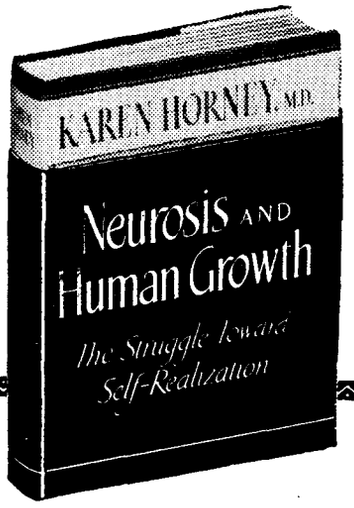

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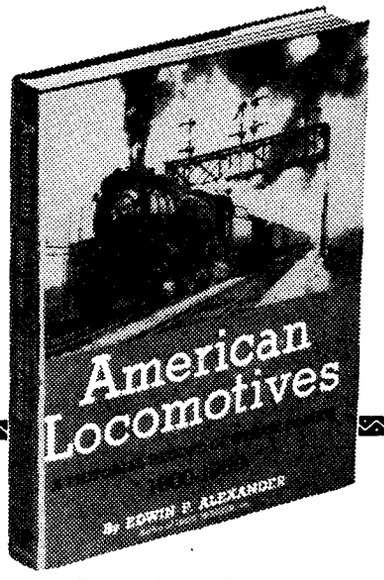

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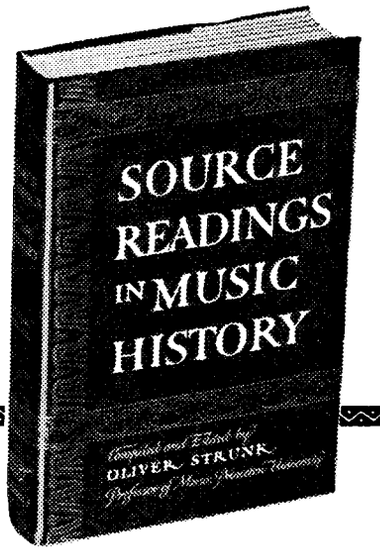

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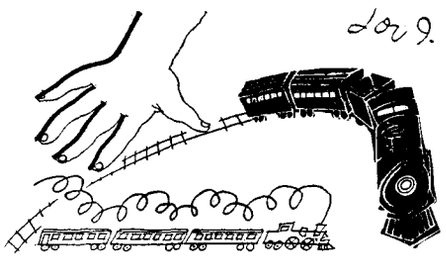
TRADE Winds

THE BUILDERS of standard railroad equipment in the United States—companies like American Car & Foundry, Baldwin, Budd, Pullman, and American Locomotive—have been having more downs than ups in recent years, but there's one company in the field that needed no stepped-up rearmament program to come to its rescue. The Lionel Corporation, which devotes its energies exclusively to manufacturing toy models and miniature railroad accessories, has been rolling along at a record clip for years. Its net income for the past fiscal year, for instance, was $1,650,322, or $4.58 a share. Its sales topped the fifteen-million mark. Many a director of a real railroad or supply company has read the Lionel statement with frank envy and sighed, "A little child has led us." More than five million kids, including myself, own Lionel equipment today, and when Joe DiMaggio finishes his series of TV shows for the company I doubt not that the number will be materially increased. Lionel manufactures more than half



of the miniature-railroad equipment in use today. How did it get that way? When Chairman-of-the-Board Joshua Lionel Cowen (who founded and named the company fifty years ago), his son Lawrence, now president of Lionel, and Executive Vice President Arthur Raphael invited me down to find out for myself, I dropped four manuscripts like a hot potato, and dashed for a cab. I did remain faithful to publishing in my fashion. I read a copy of Bantam's "Model Railroading" (prepared by and for Lionel) on the way down.

The reception room of the Lionel Corporation on Twenty-sixth Street is disguised as a railroad terminal, with a facsimile engine apparently bearing down upon you as you emerge from the elevator. Even though it bore the markings of the Pennsylvania Railroad it gave me a thrill. Within is a museum of old Lionel models and a maze of tracks over which a fleet of trains start, stop, discharge passengers, and load freight at the flick of a lever by the man who controls the electrical switchboard. Theoretically, visitors are allowed to operate the board, but Chairman Cowen, still a youngster of seventy, remains so hipped on the subject of

trains that he rarely will relinquish his post at the controls. He even dictates letters with an engineer's cap cocked over one eye.

Most of the engines being manufactured today are Diesel models, with the silver Santa Fe model in greatest demand, oddly enough, in the East, and the dark gray New York Central number outselling it in the West. Many kids still clamor for the old steam-engine type; their mechanism functions more openly. Around the tracks they scuttle, whistling by remote control (a Lionel innovation), blowing real smoke, pulling cars that are such perfect replicas you half expect a kid to lean out of a coach window and throw a handful of orange peels in your face. The doors of the milk car swing open and a tiny milkman delivers minutely scaled cans on the outside platforms. The cattle car discharges a row of animals that plod out into the pen along a corralway and back into the car again. A coal hopper unloads its contents into a bin below. A pile of logs is rolled off a lumber car. Meanwhile, the gleaming streamliners zoom by. Lionel, which always has its ear to the tracks, was actually marketing a model of the first Union Pacific streamliner before the trail-blazing original pulled into the San Francisco terminal with a cross-continent speed record under its transmission belt.

This year's Lionel innovation is called magne-traction, a system of magnetizing the locomotive's driving axles to increase their hauling power, enable them to climb a 20-per-cent grade, and, most exciting for youngsters, permit trains to whiz around curves at tremendously increased speed without derailing. Putting upset trains together again and back on the tracks has been the bane of many a father's life—also causing him to waste many precious hours he might otherwise have devoted to Plato, Spinoza, and Gaylord Hauser.

Founder Cowen is driven frantic by competition. He succeeded in buying out one formidable rival—the Ives Company—in 1933, and promptly dumped all the Ives dies into the Connecticut River. Other toy railroad builders have resisted his efforts to absorb them—so far, at any rate. Another frustration has been his inability to acquire one of the first models of his electric engine, built just after the turn of the century. Its owner, considerably older than Cowen, clings to it for sentimental reasons, but assures Cowen, "I've left it to you in my will." Cowen declares, "I'll outlive him if it's the last thing I do."

If you intend to buy a Lionel set yourself this Christmas, you had better get along with it. War orders from real railroaders mean shortages of materials for Lionel. Accessories will be particularly scarce. Arthur Raphael says, "We're eliminating things like model bridges, for example, which use comparatively large quantities of copper, zinc, and electrical circuits, so we can build up as large a supply as possible of our standard line of trains." You're invited to drop in and see those trains the next time you're in the neighborhood of Lionel headquarters at 15 East Twenty-sixth Street, on the north side of Union Square. You may even get a chance to operate the models—if Josh Cowen is out to lunch. . . .

JIM MARSHALL tells the story of a night when a real Santa Fe train puffed into the Oklahoma station of Waynoka, just after the Panhandle branch was opened. It was a bitter cold, stormy night, and the station

agent was distressed to note that a motherly old soul who got off the train obviously didn't know which way to turn. "I'll take you to the nearest inn

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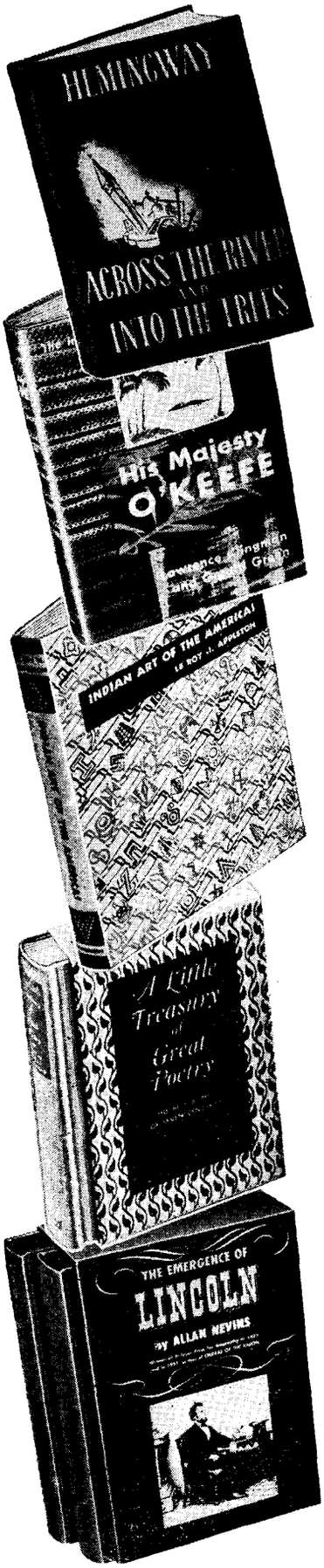
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myself, ma'am," he volunteered, and led her to a hostel where liquor was flowing freely and several poker and faro games were in progress. "I'm afraid it's noisy, ma'am," said the station agent, "but it's the only hotel in town, and I'm sure they'll make you comfortable, for, as a matter of fact, I'm part owner here. May I have your name please?" "You may," said the motherly old soul grimly. "It's Carrie Nation.". . . On another branch of the Santa Fe, recalls Marshall, a circus train was stalled on a siding. Three elephants managed to get their trunks, unnoticed, into the tender tank, and used up all the water giving themselves a shower. The train was stalled—until an ingenious Hindu mahout named O'Reilly uncoupled the engine and made the elephants tow it three miles down the track to a water tower. . . .

ELI BOHNEN, in Providence, told me about the Baptist minister in a New Mexico town who rushed down to the station every single day to watch the Santa Fe *Chief* go by. There was no chore he wouldn't interrupt to carry out this ritual. Members of his congregation deemed his eccentricity juvenile and frivolous, and asked him to give it up. "No, gentlemen," he said firmly. "I preach your sermons, teach your Sunday school, bury your dead, marry you, run your charities, chairman every drive it pleases you to conduct. I won't give up seeing that Santa Fe train every day. I love it. It's the only thing that passes through this town that I don't have to push!"

—BENNETT CERF.

Christmas

By Jean Burden

(*"If there had been no Easter, there would be no Christmas festival today . . ."*)

BECAUSE the cross
became a tree;
because the rock
became a door;
we celebrate
return to birth;
we kneel upon
the humble floor.

For this our shepherds
sing their hymns;
for this our Wise Men
travel far:
because the cross
became a tree;
because the stone
became a star.

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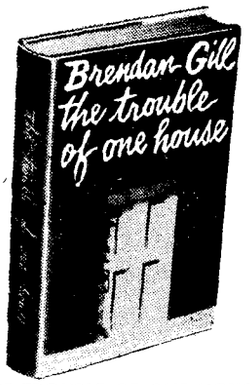

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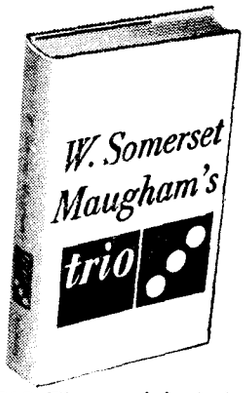

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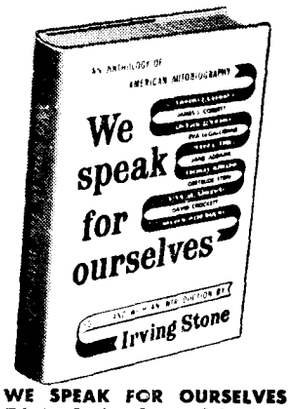

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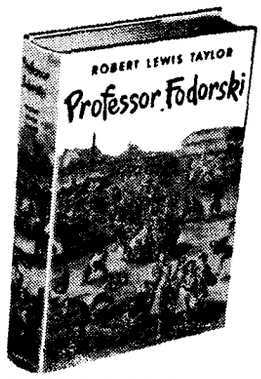

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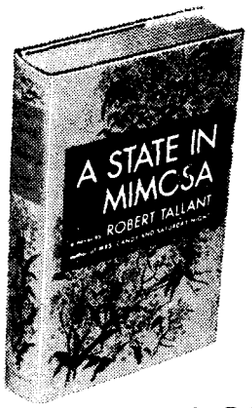

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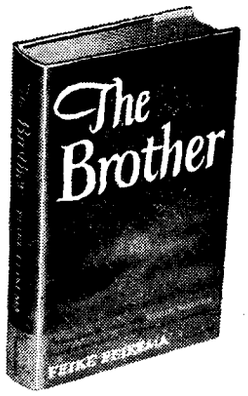

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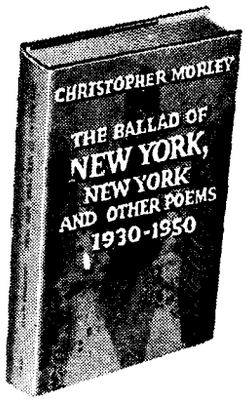

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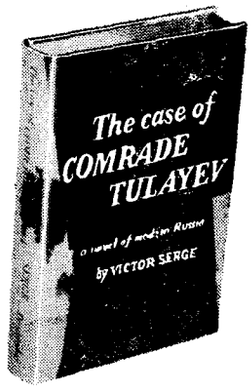

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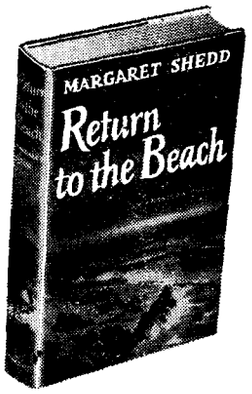

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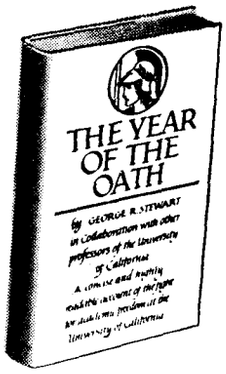

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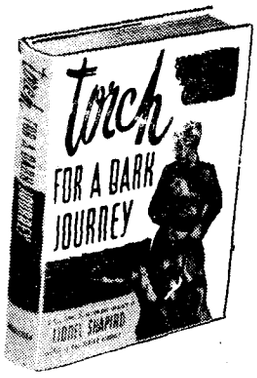

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Henry James & the Observant Profession

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS essay is drawn from a book to be published next autumn by Houghton Mifflin called "Turn West, Turn East, Mark Twain and Henry James." It is a study of these two American authors based on Plutarch's method of comparison and contrast. The two sections which follow come from one of the chapters on Henry James, but I think that the parallel treatment of the two writers is sufficiently indicated. —*H. S. C.*

—*Arni.*

Henry Seidel Canby

PLUTARCH'S method in his "Parallel Lives" is to set forth the backgrounds of history against which his eminent men played out their parts; yet it is the exploits of his heroes, usually in battles or in political crises or sometimes in morals, which give his "Lives" the excitement of significant action. This personal action has made his book more compelling upon the imagination of readers than philosophical analysis or the study of a complex of causes, though such as these are not neglected. With a creative writer, however, his environment, his personal conflicts, moral or psychological, even his philosophy of living, are not truly significant unless he has absorbed them into his imagination and made them articulate in *books* where his experience lives again in representative form. Chapters of the biography of great writers are only biography unless pointed toward a wholehearted estimate of what the men really lived for, which means the books by which they live now if they live at all. Henry James, for example, from very early years was acutely aware that his books were to be his career; Mark Twain at first only dimly guessed that he was to be a writer. Thus the absorption of modern scholars in sources, background, conditioning by psychology and economy, and in general the man and how he lived and the tricks of his trade has been dangerous, even though valuable. Busy with technique or psychiatry or the economic interpretation of a poor fellow writing for a living, they have often shifted the emphasis from the whole to the part. The final test of a man is not why he functions but how—and so with a book.

Despite these somewhat ill-natured remarks upon scholars who neglect books for their authors, let me hasten to assert my impartiality by insisting on the importance at a very early stage of discussing predispositions which both classes and individuals seem to manifest as soon as they can write. Some authors are born romantics and some realists, without more than a restrictive reference to the characteristics of the period in which they are to flourish, just as some seem to be born with good taste and some with bad, without much benefit, or the lack of it, from education.

All novelists, for example (even those absorbed in self-expression), become by necessity observers. Some novelists seem to make observing a profession, and these remain through their career a little detached from the life-in-fiction which they have created. They protect their sensitive and critical minds from too complete an identification with the personalities they create as if to avoid the danger of emotional strain. This was particularly true of Henry James, who kept his powder dry, especially in scenes of love, where expression might become tempestuous. At first, when still in the very specialized family coterie in which he lived, he seems in his earliest stories to have been most concerned with impressions of moral characteristics represented in observable persons, and thus secreted, like the silent Hawthorne, moral aspects to which he gave a symbolic form. And indeed many of James's stories are only dilute Hawthorne; and Hawthorne, thanks to the exquisite quality of his art, always remained an influence.

YET no sooner has the young Henry begun to see or move in more worldly circles than he becomes a different kind of observer. You can watch the process beautifully in the letters from abroad to his family when at first he had for weeks at a time no one to talk to but his waiter or his language teacher; when wandering on crowded streets or sitting in the parks of fashionable spas he gave his time utterly to observing, observing, almost forgetting, it would seem, his own personality, his own personal life, though intensely aware of his critical opinions. Thus in the stories which belong to this period, you can view the Observer (sometimes so-called) in the mass of the narrative like a separable element. Sometimes it is Henry himself only slightly disguised, a man who

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preferably makes and sees action rather than takes part in it. His favorite role is a wandering bachelor, watching for a group typical of their kind, Americans representing the traveling breed, or a nervous mother peering for her young, and at last the girl herself. But sometimes, and more subtly, he is the center of the narrative, though not its dynamic hero. The story does not end with him. For the truly detached observer neither fails nor succeeds. He neither dies in tragedy nor lives happily ever after. Sometimes what he is (except perceptive) is of no importance and then he is the most complete observer; or what he is may be of great importance but what he does of no significance except for its relation to the situation into which he has dramatically drifted. Clearly a writer like this may be expected to do some queer things with his novels. For he is never quite all inside of the narrative. He is like a pedestrian who keeps to the banks while following a river or a man devoted to women who never falls in love.

Another influence in Henry James's early career is almost as outstanding as that of Hawthorne, and this happens to be of a woman notable among observers. He never, I think, outgrew it, though in some respects he transcended it. I mean Jane Austen, and I have collected myself a sheaf of instances, and especially in his early, though not his earliest, works where the resemblance is too close to be a coincidence, even with two minds concerned who are not dissimilar, though far different in their growth. As Jane is said to have written away at her novels while her family talked around her, so James by his own admission was usually a silent listener in his loquacious family, recording among his impressions not so much their arguments as their personalities. Someone, said Henry in one of his prefaces, must be *aware* of what the situation means, or there will be no real novel. Jane and Henry were always intensely aware, nor do either in their best passages ever make the comments themselves, but leave that task to some character, usually, though not always, a subordinate one.

Here James never reached the perfection of his early teacher. With him the observer is usually a pallid, if sympathetic, figure, most usually an aspect of James himself. He keeps his detachment by withholding the blood of the reality of the author himself. This is true of all but a handful of his finest novels. Whereas Jane triumphs by creating a spokesman like Mr. Bennet or Henry Elton, who is both aware of the situation and also a major personality in ihs own right, she triumphs also by letting herself, as author, go when the character who has been the observer and is the center of the story becomes both author and hero or heroine without important reservations. So it is with Elizabeth Bennet in "Pride and Prejudice," who, it is generally agreed, is close to Jane herself. Elizabeth does let love conquer criticism at the end, and convincingly also, although it is true that she requires a good deal of shoving by the plot. She becomes all woman, as well as a creator's mind. Henry never lets himself fall in love (except as a possibility) in fiction, although he unquestionably resembles some of his characters as much as Elizabeth is said to have resembled Jane, who, so far as we can be certain, never gave herself over to love.

In one respect, however, the resemblance between these two great Observers was quite complete, and, in influence of one on the other, direct. Such a student of technique as Henry was from early years did not miss the skill with which from the simplest beginnings and the most obvious motives Jane Austen slips quietly and swiftly down a delicious country lane or a chatty tea party into a situation whose drama never relaxes its grip until the end. It is what Henry means by his favorite maxim "dramatize, dramatize," and as quickly as possible. And if he seldom did it quickly it was because he was intellectually unable to do so and well aware of his fault. The reasons were double. His obsession with places and their atmosphere, a trait natural to a passionate traveler from the New to the "dense" and rich Old World, required pages of description where Jane took sentences. And furthermore he could not be simple

—SRL *Drawing by Frances O'Brien.*

Henry James—"where Jane left off."

IT WAS not many weeks ago that John Mason Brown dilated on the horrors of a recently published comic-book "Macbeth" [SEEING THINGS, SRL *July 29] which Seaboard Publishers offered "as an interesting experiment in literature." A famous British weekly had already anticipated this experiment with remarkable prescience. In* Punch *of November 7, 1949, appeared an adroit English satire on "Macbeth" regurgitated for comic-book readers. The feature was prefaced with the assertion that "America leads the world in the presentation of the masterpieces of literature in a brisk and palatable form." "We feel it our duty,"* Punch *maintained, "to rally to the support of our contemporaries over here who are striving so gallantly to make up Britain's leeway in this important field." "Macbeth or Local Thane Makes Good" is reproduced on pages 13 and 14 by permission of* Punch.

because, as F. O. Matthiessen has wisely said, James began where Jane left off—for no more than Henry does she ever end. He cannot be simple because his material is too complex; he cannot be obvious because he takes a character whose tangle of motives requires great space to unravel. Jane was a narrow genius if deep in plumbable depth; Henry a broad one working with a microscope upon the infinite manifestations of a surface where emotion had usually already completed its more obvious work. Neither ever wrote an actual love scene at its climax with warmth enough to melt a snow flake. Indeed Jane dodges such scenes with a greater reverse of passion than Henry himself. But she makes a more convincing observer of love because complexity detracts from the force of love, and Henry preferred always the difficult to the simple. Who shall say that for his genius he was not entirely right! The "difficult," he said, was his passion—shall we add his cherished fault? It is the final differentiation between the most skilful of our native observers and the parochial Englishwoman he so much admired.

* * *

WHEN by 1869 Henry James went abroad for the first time on his own (though not yet an expatriate), his quality as an observer was already the best established of his functions. He had learned to observe for his own uses, although he is most articulate about his interests in his letters rather than in his stories. By 1873, in one of the best of his few good very early

(*Continued on page* 70)

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Local Thane Makes Good"

In Olden Times
KING DUNCAN OF SCOTLAND AND HIS SON MALCOLM WAIT FOR NEWS FROM MACBETH, GENERAL OF ARMIES, WHO IS FIGHTING AGAINST A NORWEGIAN INVASION FORCE.
I WONDER HOW THE BATTLE'S GOING. I BET MACBETH'S FIGHTING HARD!
I HOPE HE WINS, DAD. BUT...
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MACBETH I DON'T LIKE...
MEANWHILE MACBETH HAS WON THE BATTLE.
MAKE IT 10,000 DOLLARS, SWENO
THE SWAG'S IN THE BAG, AND WE'LL CALL IT QUITS!
LATER
TAKE A SIGNAL TO KING DUNCAN
AND SO...
AT KING DUNCAN'S HQ.
ARMY SIGNALS
HANDS OFF SCOTLAND STOP SWENO'S ARMIES ROUTED STOP SWENO OFFERS 10,000 RPT TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS REPARATIONS STOP HAVE ACCEPTED THIS HARD RPT HARD CURRENCY STOP SCOTLAND FOR EVER EXCLAMATION MARK RETURNING SURFACE ROUTE FOR SHORT LEAVE AND SOME ROUGH LOOTING STOP LOVE TO CORRUPT GROUP IF YOU SEE HER STOP
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS? A GYPSY ENCAMPMENT!
PERHAPS I COULD HAVE KEPT THE DOLLARS
A LITTLE LATER...
I'LL TRY IT!
YOUR FORTUNE TOLD BY THE THREE SISTERS
HELLO HANDSOME!
THIS MAN HOLLERS DOLLERS! MAYBE NYLONS!
YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING!
THANKS, GIRLS KEEP THE CHANGE!
KEEP AWAY FROM BIRNAM WOOD!
SOMEONE'S GOING TO CROWN YOU!
BEWARE OF A YOUNG MAN FROM ENGLAND!
AFTER THE SÉANCE
LATER... MACBETH ARRIVES HOME
HURRAH FOR MACBETH!
I STILL DON'T LIKE MACBETH!
MACBETH, WE'RE PROUD OF YOU. YOUR WIFE SAYS SHE CAN PUT US UP FOR THE NIGHT.
MY HOME IS YOURS, SIRE!
AND YOUR CROWN WILL BE MINE!
BUT IF THE GYPSIES SAID THAT, WHY SHOULDN'T WE....?
HUSH, DARLING!

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THAT NIGHT AT MIDNIGHT.
THE KING IS ASLEEP.
MALCOLM IS IN THE CORRIDOR LOOKING FOR A DRINK OF WATER.
SUDDENLY...
DO HIS GUARDS IN FIRST THEN! WE'LL SAY THEY KILLED THE ..... OLD MAN!
I'M GLAD YOU GAVE THEM PLENTY OF THE WHISKY!
THREE MINUTES LATER
I'VE DONE IT! UGH! I SHAN'T SLEEP VERY WELL TONIGHT!
NONSENSE! I'VE KEPT SOME OF THE WHISKY FOR YOUR NIGHTCAP!
KING DUNCAN'S BEEN MURDERED!
DADDY DEAD!! OH!
WHAT! IN OUR CASTLE! I BET IT WAS HIS GUARDS WHO DID IT!
I NEED SOME BLACK COFFEE!
I'LL KILL MACBETH FOR THIS!
GOODBYE, SCOTLAND, FOR NOW. I'M OFF TO ENGLAND!
NEXT MORNING AT BREAKFAST...
AFTER KING DUNCAN'S FUNERAL, SUSPICION IS PLACED ON MALCOLM AND MACBETH IS CROWNED KING OF SCOTLAND!
WELL, WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE TO BE QUEEN, M'DEAR?
SHUT UP! YOU'VE GOT ME JITTERY NOW!
IN THE MACBETHS' BEDROOM THAT NIGHT...
WHAT THE...? I MUST FOLLOW HER!
LATER THAT NIGHT... LADY MACBETH HAS A BAD DREAM
THIS HAND! IT IS REDDER THAN NAIL POLISH! I'LL NEVER GET IT CLEAN!
FOOL! SHE'LL GIVE THE SHOW AWAY! HM..... THEY SAY IF YOU WAKE A SLEEP WALKER, SHE DIES. I WONDER...
A WEEK LATER...
YOU NEED A GOOD HOLIDAY M'DEAR, AS SOON AS YOU'RE FIT! THE COUNTRY'S LOOKING LOVELY! BIRNAM WOOD THERE.....
...WHAT THE.....?
COME ON CHAPS! THESE'LL KEEP THE RAIN OFF!
BUT BIRNAM WOOD IS MOVING! IT'S THE ARMY COLLECTED BY MALCOLM TO AVENGE HIS FATHER'S DEATH. THEY HAVE CUT DOWN BRANCHES AS CAMOUFLAGE AND THEY ARE MOVING AGAINST MACBETH'S CASTLE...
THEY STORM THE CASTLE OF MACBETH!
CURSE THOSE LYING GYPSY GIRLS! GIVE ME MY ARMOUR
WHERE'S THAT.....MACBETH?
BOP
WHAM!
SO DIE ALL MURDERERS! DADDY, I DID THIS FOR YOU! NOW WHERE'S LADY MACBETH?
SHE DIED IN HER SLEEP, YOUR MAJESTY!
MALCOLM HAS KILLED THE WICKED MACBETH, HIS FATHER'S MURDERER!
HURRAH FOR MALCOLM, NEW KING OF SCOTLAND!
HIS MAJESTY KING MALCOLM!
Ronald Searle

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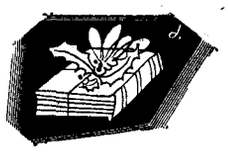
Flaubert: Method and Mastery

A Classic Revalued—XI

RENÉ DUMESNIL



EVERY writer, no matter how great, when he forsakes this world's stage, serves a term in limbo, during which his work suffers a kind of eclipse. Fortunate are they whose ideas continue to be discussed or even violently opposed. The very bitterness of the criticisms demonstrates the recognized extent of the effect they had upon their contemporaries. For fifteen years after his death Flaubert, as chief exponent of realism in literature (in spite of himself, head of a school of thought!), did not cease to attract followers. Théodore de Banville, writing toward the end of the nineteenth century, was thus able to say that "the contemporary French novel" had "sprung from" "L'Education sentimentale."

Many years have passed since all this. What today is Flaubert's standing; how are his works and ideas now judged?

First of all, it must be noted that his books have continued without interruption to enjoy a good sale, both abroad and in France. The number of his readers has increased rather than diminished. But, though Flaubert is still loved and admired, it is clearly no longer for the same reasons that made "Madame Bovary" a success in 1857 and "Salammbô" a sensation in 1862. The literary movements that earned for him his first admirers and his first enemies have ceased to count much. The quarrels of different schools of thought, the discussions on realism versus romanticism have died down. Flaubert's works nowadays are regarded as "classics," and as such are viewed with the dispassionate objectivity accorded by critics to authors definitely ranked among the great. Finished the time when the "immorality" of "Madame Bovary" and "Salammbô" or the irreligion of "La Tentation de St.-Antoine" were subjects for argument. Instead, and without a doubt, it is to the publication of his early works and his "Letters" that Flaubert largely owes his continued popularity.

There is something paradoxical in his case, which pretty well explains his literary survival. To him was allotted a strange destiny. His aim throughout his life was to write novels so perfectly objective that it would be impossible to guess whether he blamed or approved the words, actions, and behavior of his characters; yet now, through the publication of his intimate papers, he has become one of the writers most completely stripped naked before posterity. But also, contrary to what he could have thought, he has emerged from the ordeal on the whole all the greater because of this posthumous adventure, which, could he have anticipated it, would have filled him with despair.

To begin with, though, did he not unconsciously often transgress this dogma of "objectivity," which was the unique article of faith in his artistic credo? His style was very personal, and, try as he will, a writer whose style is personal often discloses many things he believes he is hiding. What we "guessed" about Flaubert his intimate letters have made evident without the least vestige of doubt, for they reveal his sensitive nature, his generosity, his pity for suffering. Thus it is that the great reading public of 1950 knows a real Flaubert that was not known to his contemporaries except to those who were among the very small number of his friends.

In addition, this correspondence of his, which extended over more than half a century and fills nine big published volumes (to which will soon be added 1,500 letters hitherto unpublished), is noteworthy in another respect. It is a document of the first order on the nineteenth century (from 1835 to 1880) in the history of literature, primarily, but also valuable as political and social history. Through the "Letters" we are introduced to a wide range of literature: his reading, in the course of preparation for the writing of works as diverse as his—novels of manners, historical novels—was enormous. His correspondents, who were among the most eminent minds of the period, were equally varied—Baudelaire, Renan, Taine, George Sand, Michelet, Turgeniev, Zola, Maupassant, to name a few at random. Then, there are the letters to Louise Colet, of a very special character, full of advice on the art of writing and remarks on the dignity of the writer's craft. All this makes of Flaubert's correspondence a unique monument. His letters are the sort we read and reread, return to again and again.

THEREIN lies another paradox: the more time passes, the more it is seen that these letters of Flaubert, which reveal what he would have blushed to divulge, these letters, which he would have done everything, if he could, to abolish, comprise his veritable *chef-d'oeuvre*. The style of the letters is quite different from the style of his books. He lets himself go in them, no longer struggles for the right word, even neglects to watch his whoms, whiches, and whats that are so carefully controlled in his novels. Disregardful of mistakes, he gives himself wholly. His mastery in writing shows through these very mistakes, in fact; they are liberties such as Saint-Simon took in order to go directly to the point, as swift as an arrow.

Do these letters of Flaubert refute, then, the theories he takes so much pains to defend even in the course of this correspondence? Not at all. Merely, they illustrate how salutary is a rigorous self-discipline. Writing a letter to a friend and writing a book are

(*Continued on page* 73)

Because wanton, mercenary lips had murmured similar protestations in his ear, he had no great belief in the sincerity of this, his latest conquest. Strip away the exaggerations of language, he thought, and there's nothing left but the same old mediocre emotions. As though the fulness of the heart does not sometimes overflow into the emptiest of metaphors. . . . Human language is like a cracked kettle on which we beat out tunes for bears to dance to, when all the time we are longing to move the stars to pity. —"MADAME BOVARY."

In Print

"MADAME BOVARY" is published in many editions, ranging from Pocket Books (25¢) to Peter Pauper Press ($3.95). "Salammbô" and "L'Education sentimentale" are both available in the Everyman's Library (Dutton, 95¢ each), "La Tentation de St.-Antoine" in the Halcyon House series (Garden City, 69¢). New Directions lists the "Three Tales" ($1.50). The "Letters," unfortunately, have not yet been published in America.

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What SRL Reviewers Are Giving for Christmas

HOLLIS ALPERT	The Great Audience (Gilbert Seldes)	Collected Stories of William Faulkner	Herman Melville (Newton Arvin)	The Trouble of One House (Brendan Gill)	Charles Addams' Monster Rally
WILLIAM BARRETT	The Letters of Ezra Pound (Edited by D. D. Paige)	Ideas and Men (Crane Brinton)	A Fearful Joy (Joyce Cary)	Day of the Locust (Nathanael West)	Boswell's London Journal, 1762-63 (Edited by Frederick A. Pottle)
MORRIS BISHOP	The Mill on the Po (Riccardo Bacchelli)	The Day of the Locust (Nathanael West)	Proust (Andre Maurois)	Decorative Art of Victoria's Era (Frances Lichten)	The Art of Italian Cooking (Maria Lo Pinto)
HERSCHEL BRICKELL	Don Quixote (Miguel de Cervantes, translated by Samuel Putnam)	Jane Mecom (Carl Van Doren)	Parade's End (Ford Madox Ford)	The Art of Writing (Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch)	The Maugham Reader
GEOFFREY BRUUN	The American Mind (Henry Steele Commager)	The Disenchanted (Budd Schulberg)	The Strait of Anian (Earle Birney)	A Short History of Science and Scientific Thought (F. Sherwood Taylor)	Hammond's Complete World Atlas
W. R. BURNETT	Young Man of Paris (Henri Calet)	Parade's End (Ford Madox Ford)	The Wrong Set (Angus Wilson)	Shooting an Elephant (George Orwell)	The Day of the Locust (Nathanael West)
I. BERNARD COHEN	Ideas and Men (Crane Brinton)	Jonathan Edwards (Perry Miller)	Genetics and the Races of Man (William C. Boyd)	The Breaking of the Circle (Marjorie Hope Nicolson)	Pasteur, Freelance of Science (Rene Dubos)
JOHN COURNOS	The Mill on the Po (Riccardo Bacchelli)	The Lady's Not for Burning (Christopher Fry)	The Green Huntsman (Stendhal)	Seventeenth Century Lyrics (Edited by Norman Ault)	World Enough and Time (Robert Penn Warren)
FOSTER RHEA DULLES	Men and Ideas (Crane Brinton)	The American Mind (Henry Steele Commager)	Collected Short Stories of William Faulkner	The Hinge of Fate (Winston S. Churchill)	Venus Observed (Christopher Fry)
EVELYN EATON	Boswell's London Journal, 1762-63	The Horse's Mouth (Joyce Cary)	Loving (Henry Green)	The Canticle of the Rose (Edith Sitwell)	Little Boy Lost (Maghanita Laski)
LOUIS FISCHER	Horace Greeley (William Harlan Hale)	Interview with India (John Frederick Muehl)	The Grand Alliance (Winston S. Churchill)	Bold New Program (Willard R. Espy)	The House of Commons, 1950 (Published by London *Times*)
EDMUND FULLER	The Mill on the Po (Riccardo Bacchelli)	The Traitor (William L. Shirer)	The Yankee Exodus (Stewart Holbrook)	Early Christians of the 21st Century (Chad Walsh)	Kon-Tiki (Thor Heyerdahl)
MAXWELL GEISMAR	The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone (Tennessee Williams)	The Viking Portable Chekhov (Edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky)	The Financier (Theodore Dreiser)	River and Empty Sea (Louis Vaczek)	Mr. Jelly Roll (Alan Lomax)
CHRISTINE NOBLE GOVAN	Boswell's London Journal, 1762-63	Menaboni's Birds (Athos and Sara Menaboni)	River Diary (Dorothea Eastward)	The Innocents from Indiana (Emily Kimbrough)	High Time to Tell It (Mary A. Long)
MARTIN GUMPERT	The Human Use of Human Beings (Norbert Wiener)	Stendhal, Memoirs of Egotism (Edited by Matthew Josephson)	Boswell's London Journal, 1762-63	The State of Europe (Howard K. Smith)	Family Reunion (Ogden Nash)
LOUIS J. HALLE, Jr.	Eleanor of Aquitaine (Amy Kelly)	Chaucer's England and the Early Tudors (G. M. Trevelyan)	The Universe and Dr. Einstein (Lincoln Barrett)	All Trivia (Logan Pearsall Smith)	The Twelve Seasons (Joseph Wood Krutch)
ROBERT HALSBAND	Boswell's London Journal, 1762-63	Dark Green, Bright Red (Gore Vidal)	The Cocktail Party (T. S. Eliot)	The Great Audience (Gilbert Seldes)	Charles Addams' Monster Rally
WALTER HAVIGHURST	The World of Fiction (Bernard DeVoto)	The Emergence of Lincoln (Allan Nevins)	John C. Calhoun (Margaret L. Coit)	The Art of Teaching (Gilbert Highet)	The Oxford Book of American Verse (F. O. Matthiessen)
SARA HENDERSON HAY	Reader's Encyclopedia (William Rose Benet)	The Mature Mind (H. A. Overstreet)	In Noah's Ark (Rumer Godden)	The Injustice Collectors (Louis Auchincloss)	The Second St. Nicholas Anthology (Edited by Henry Steele Commager)
AUGUST HECKSCHER	The Lonely Crowd (David Riesman)	The Hinge of Fate (Winston S. Churchill)	The Wall (John Hersey)	Ideas and Men (Crane Brinton)	Jonathan Edwards (Perry Miller)
MILTON R. KONVITZ	Freedom, Power, and Democratic Planning (Karl Mannheim)	Ideas and Men (Crane Brinton)	Pascal's Pensees (H. E. Stewart translation)	Papers of Thomas Jefferson (Edited by Julian P. Boyd)	Orley Farm (Anthony Trollope)
JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE	About Mrs. Leslie (Vina Delmar)	Night and the Cat (Elizabeth Coatsworth)	Editor to Author (Maxwell E. Perkins; J. H. Wheelock)	Jane Mecom (Carl Van Doren)	Yankee Boyhood (R. E. Gould)
HAL LEHRMAN	The Disenchanted (Budd Schulberg)	The Traitor (William L. Shirer)	Mixed Company (Irwin Shaw)	The Choice (Boris Shub)	New Star in the Near East (Kenneth Bilby)

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DANIEL GREGORY MASON	Grieg: A Symposium (Edited by Gerald Abraham)	Who Is My Neighbor (Nigel Balchin)	The Oxford Book of American Verse (Edited by F. O. Matthiessen)	Neurosis and Human Growth (Karen Horney)	County Chronicle (Angela Thirkell)
GERARD PREVIN MEYER	The Lady's Not for Burning (Christopher Fry)	From Baudelaire to Surrealism (Marcel Raymond)	Back (Henry Green)	The God That Failed (Edited by Richard Crossman)	The Day of the Locust (Nathanael West)
JAMES A. MICHENER	Kon-Tiki (Thor Heyerdahl)	The Disenchanted (Budd Schulberg)	Happy Mother Goose (Benjamin Appel)	Century Dictionary 12 Vols., 1911	
MERLE MILLER	The Story of Ernie Pyle (Lee G. Miller)	The Disenchanted (Budd Schulberg)	Face of a Hero (Louis Falstein)	The Choice (Marc Brandel)	The Truman Merry-Go-Round (Robert S. Allen and William V. Shannon)
ASHLEY MONTAGU	The Great Escape (Paul Brickhill)	Fishing in Many Waters (James Hornell)	Living with Books (Helen E. Haines)	The Earth Is the Lord's (Abraham Joshua Heschel)	Genetics and the Races of Man (William C. Boyd)
RICHARD B. MORRIS	The Town (Conrad Richter)	The Hinge of Fate (Winston S. Churchill)	John Adams and the American Revolution (Catherine Drinker Bowen)	The Index of American Design (Erwin O. Christiansen)	The Blue and The Gray (Henry Steele Commager)
WALTER PACH	Cock-a-Doodle Dandy (Sean O'Casey)	Cry, the Beloved Country (Allan Paton)	The Greek Way (Edith Hamilton)	The Journal of Eugene Delacroix	
DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE	Don Quixote (Miguel de Cervantes, translated by Samuel Putnam)	Eyes of Discovery (John Bakeless)	Birds of Paradise and Bower Birds (Tom Ireland)	Great American Nature Writing (Edited by Joseph Wood Krutch)	My Camera on Point Lobos (Edward Weston)
WILLIAM PEDEN	The Collected Tales of Walter de la Mare	Collected Stories of William Faulkner	Two Adolescents (Alberto Moravia)	The Disenchanted (Budd Schulberg)	Classics and Commercials (Edmund Wilson)
JOHN PFEIFFER	The Meaning of Evolution (George Gaylord Simpson)	Francis Bacon (Benjamin Farrington)	Pasteur, Freelance of Science (Rene J. Dubos)	The Origin of Modern Science (Herbert Butterfield)	Heredity, East and West (Julian Huxley)
ROBERT PICK	Collected Stories of William Faulkner	Parade's End (Ford Madox Ford)	Helena (Evelyn Waugh)	The Injustice Collectors (Louis Auchincloss)	Toulouse-Lautrec (Gerstle Mack)
NATHAN L. ROTHMAN	Collected Stories of William Faulkner	The Art of Teaching (Gilbert Highet)	The Musical Experience (Roger Sessions)	Classics and Commercials (Edmund Wilson)	The Wall (John Hersey)
ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, Jr.	Ideas and Men (Crane Brinton)	Cast a Cold Eye (Mary McCarthy)	World Enough and Time (Robert Penn Warren)	The World of Fiction (Bernard De Voto)	The Man of Independence (Jonathan Daniels)
ERNEST J. SIMMONS	The Grand Alliance (Winston S. Churchill)	The Wall (John Hersey)	My Three Years in Moscow (Walter Bedell Smith)	Kon-Tiki (Thor Heyerdahl)	Ordeal by Slander (Owen Lattimore)
BRADFORD SMITH	Small Town Renaissance (Richard Waverly Poston)	The Mature Mind (H. A. Overstreet)	Of Plimoth Plantation (William Bradford)	The Young Emperor (Robert Payne)	Middle Heaven (Mona Gardner)
ROBERT E. SPILLER	The Papers of Thomas Jefferson (Edited by Julian P. Boyd)	World Enough and Time (Robert Penn Warren)	S. Weir Mitchell (Ernest Earnest)	Viking Portable Poets (Edited by W. H. Auden and N. H. Pearson)	Complete Poems of Carl Sandburg
KATHLEEN SPROUL	The People Against O'Hara (Eleazar Lipsky)	Smallbone Deceased (Michael Gilbert)	The Queen's Awards (Edited by Ellery Queen)	Foggy, Foggy Death (Richard and Frances Lockridge)	The Best Laid Plans (Anne Hocking)
MARK STARR	The Life of Mahatma Gandhi (Louis Fischer)	Education and Morals (John L. Childs)	The American as Reformer (Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr.)	Radio, Television and Society (Charles A. Siepmann)	Unions Before the Bar (Elias Lieberman)
THOMAS SUGRUE	The Age of Faith (Will Durant)	The Yoga of the Bhagavat Gitta (Sri Krishna Prem)	The Little World of Don Camillo (Giovanni Guareschi)	The Foot of Pride (Malcolm Hay)	All in Common (Claire Huchet Bishop)
A. M. SULLIVAN	Coronado on the Turquois Trail (H. E. Bolton)	Old Testament (Translated by Arbuthnott Knox)	Mystery of Hamlet, King of Denmark (Percy MacKaye)	Little Treasury of Love Poems (John Holmes)	Shakespeare of London (Marchette Chute)
FRANK WATERS	War and Peace (Leo Tolstoy)	Crime and Punishment (Fyodor Dostoievsky)	Moby Dick (Herman Melville)	Popul Vuh (Translated by Recinos and Sylvanus Morley)	World Enough and Time (Robert Penn Warren)
RICHARD WATTS, Jr.	Two Kinds of Time (Graham Peck)	The Disenchanted (Budd Schulberg)	The Face and Mind of Ireland (Arland Ussher)	Still Seeing Things (John Mason Brown)	Mao Tse-tung (Robert Payne)
JOHN T. WINTERICH	Boswell's London Journal, 1762-63	The Disenchanted (Budd Schulberg)	Nook Farm (Kenneth R. Andrews)	The King and the Noble Blacksmith (Kenneth R. Andrews and Jacob Blanck)	The Scholar Adventurers (Richard D. Altick)
ANN F. WOLFE	Region of the Summer Stars (Charles Williams)	The Abandoned (Paul Gallico)	Fritz Kreisler (Louis P. Lochner)	Miracle in Brittany (Mildred Jordan)	Western Star (Stephen Vincent Benet)

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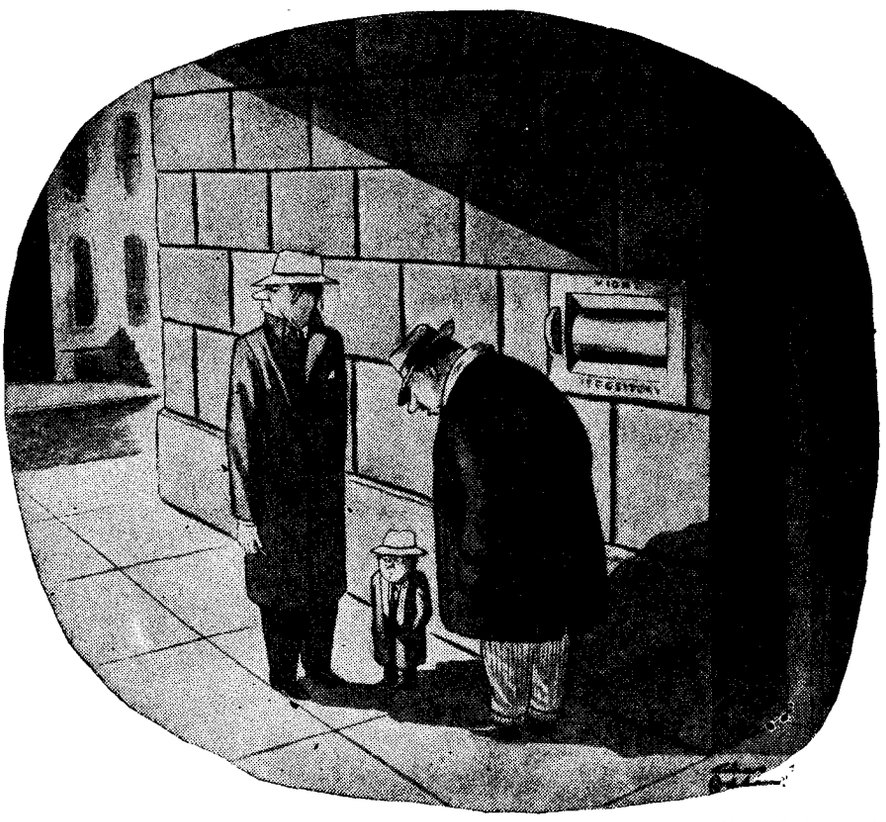
THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Self-Censorship

LITERATURE has sometimes flourished under despotic regimes, but, as has often been pointed out, the despotisms of the past were not totalitarian. Their repressive apparatus was always inefficient, their ruling classes were usually either corrupt or apathetic or half-liberal in outlook, and the prevailing religious doctrines usually worked against perfectionism and the notion of human infallibility. Even so it is broadly true that prose literature has reached its highest levels in periods of democracy and free speculation. What is new in totalitarianism is that its doctrines are not only unchallengeable but also unstable. They have to be accepted on pain or damnation, but on the other hand they are always liable to be altered at a moment's notice. Consider, for example, the various attitudes, completely incompatible with one another, which an English Communist or "fellow traveler" had had to adopt towards the war between Britain and Germany. For years before September 1939 he was expected to be in a continuous stew about "the horrors of Nazism" and to twist everything he wrote into a denunciation of Hitler; after September 1939 for twenty months he had to believe that Germany was more sinned against than sinning, and the word "Nazi," at least as far as print went, had to drop right out of his vocabulary. Immediately after hearing the eight o'clock news bulletin on the morning of 22nd June, 1941, he had to start believing once again that Nazism was the most hideous evil the world had ever seen. Now, it is easy for a politician to make such changes: for a writer the case is somewhat different. If he is to switch his allegiance at exactly the right moment, he must either tell lies about his subjective feelings or else suppress them altogether. In either case he has destroyed his dynamo. Not only will ideas refuse to come to him, but the very words he uses will seem to stiffen under his touch. Political writing in our time consists almost entirely of prefabricated phrases bolted together like the pieces of a child's Meccano set. It is the unavoidable result of self-censorship. To write in plain, vigorous language one has to think fearlessly, and if one thinks fearlessly one cannot be politically orthodox. It might be otherwise in an "age of faith," when the prevailing orthodoxy has been long established and is not taken too seriously. In that case it would be possible, or might be possible, for large areas of one's mind to remain unaffected by what one officially believed. Even so, it is worth noticing that prose literature almost disappeared during the only age of faith that Europe has ever enjoyed. Throughout the whole of the Middle Ages there was almost no imaginative prose literature and very little in the way of historical writing: and the intellectual leaders of society expressed their most serious thoughts in a dead language, which barely altered during a thousand years.

—From "Shooting an Elephant and Other Essays," by George Orwell (Harcourt).



—From "Slightly Overdrawn," reprinted from The New Yorker *(Simon & Schuster).*

"O.K. now. You got it straight what you're supposed to do!"

The Pie Ladies

ONE OF THE most productive milieus for inexplicable mirth is the daily radio woman's program: the sort conducted by a genial lady . . . let us call her Sally Lunn . . . who talks to the housewives of America about books, soapflakes, plays, movies, worthy causes, and chocolate-mix. Helping her out in the way of a determinedly informal stooge is some young man with a name like Dave, whose job it is to catch the conversational bones tossed him by Miss Lunn and to reply with a tooth-flashing "yes indeed" to such questions as doesn't he think that the girl who can turn out that flaky, crunchy, feathery pie crust knows the right answer to what Mr. Average Man wants? Dave is usually quite a glamour lad who looks as though he expected a girl to produce something more than a pie crust, however feathery, crunchy, or flaky. Nevertheless, he responds to Sally Lunn's every observation with a boyish zest that is most disarming, particularly so to the select little studio audience composed of feminine devotees of the program who flock in from Queens and Hackensack to receive from Sally Lunn's own lips the latest household hint, which is less a hint than a product plug in the form of a positive threat. In addition to Dave, who is a regular fixture, there is frequently a "distinguished guest," who, in compliance with the folksy informality of the program "has just happened to drop by the studio and it's certainly going to be a big surprise when you hear who it is." It's

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no surprise to the guest, who is usually the author of a recently published book or a member of the cast of a newly produced play and whose just happening to drop by the studio has been effected at the point of a gun by the publishers' or management's press agent. Every once in a while I find myself placed in the position of having to drop by a studio for one of these cheery and heavily sponsored back-fence chats, and I admit I have always honestly enjoyed them.

—From "Nuts in May," by Cornelia Otis Skinner (Dodd, Mead).

One Out of Every 100

PEOPLE NAMED Smith have always had to contend with certain annoyances because of the commonness of their name. Every Smith has the usual story to tell of the smirking hotel clerk. Another cliché involves the confusion attending the paging of a Mr. Smith in a public place. Far back in my youth I can remember seeing a two-panel cartoon on this subject. In the first panel a bellboy stands in the center of a hotel lobby and is crying, "Paging Mr. Smith!" In the second panel he has disappeared beneath a great pile of struggling men.

The cough-drop gambit has been with us for many decades.

"Meet Mr. Smith," someone says, performing a routine introduction.

"Trade or Mark?" comes the inevitable question, with perhaps the addition of "I see you've shaved off your whiskers." . . .

The Bureau of the Census does not count Smiths as Smiths and doesn't bother with a breakdown of the population according to family name. Extensive samplings, however, tell us approximately how many Smiths there are in the United States. One out of every 100 persons in this country is a Smith. Actually it is slightly over this—the percentage is usually a trifle above one per cent. This figure obtains in almost every list available for examination—military rolls, Social Security files, telephone directories, the frightening archives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, social registers, federations of chinchilla breeders, and compendiums of Important People. One out of every hundred. That adds up to at least 1,500,000 Smiths in the United States alone.

These million and a half are, let me repeat, straightaway Smiths. The figure does not take into account the numerous female Smiths who by marriage have become Johnsons and Terwilligers and Adamses and Sullivans and Biddups. Add to them the thousands of Almost Smiths—the sons and daughters of mothers who were named Smith. Then add to that the names

Cornelia Otis Skinner—"heavily sponsored back-fence chats."

—*Dana Wallace, Jr.*

H. Allen Smith: "Every day in the United States nineteen Smiths die."

of Sugar Ray Robinson and Mary Pickford. Before you know it you've got yourself a mess of Smiths.

The Johnsons rank second in the United States with a mere million. The first twenty most numerous surnames in the country are:

1. Smith	11. Thomas
2. Johnson	12. Moore
3. Brown	13. White
4. Williams	14. Martin
5. Miller	15. Thompson
6. Jones	16. Jackson
7. Davis	17. Harris
8. Anderson	18. Lewis
9. Wilson	19. Allen
10. Taylor	20. Nelson

There are more Cohens than Smiths in New York City, but that doesn't mean there are not many Smiths. There are hordes of them. Almost from the beginning New York has had Smiths to throw away. In 1786 a local newspaper carried this item: "Col. William Smith, late of Red Mill, Dutchess County, informs his friends and the public that having moved into New York, and finding so many of his name, to distinguish himself from them, has added the letter M. as a middle initial."

Running second to the Cohens in New York, the Smiths also have been nosed out by the Johnsons in Chicago. And in Minneapolis and St. Paul the Smiths have been overwhelmed by Johnsons, Andersons, Nelsons, and Petersons. In almost all other large cities, however, the Smiths occupy first place. . . .

Let us consider just one more fascinating figure:

Every day in the United States nineteen Smiths die.

—From "People Named Smith," by H. Allen Smith (Doubleday).

Parsing Popularity

IF A STUDENT of taste wants to know the thoughts and feelings of the majority who lived during Franklin Pierce's Administration, he will find more positive value in Maria Cummin's "The Lamplighter" or T. S. Arthur's "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" than he will in Thoreau's "Walden"—all books published in 1854. The mores and the manners prevailing in the year of the Teapot Dome scandal can better be extrapolated from Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen" than from Wallace Stevens's "Harmonium." The book that time judges to be great is occasionally also the book popular in its own period; but, by and large, the longer-lived work reflects the demands of the moment only in the most general sense. Usually the book that is popular pleases the reader because it is shaped by the same forces that mold his nonreading hours, so that its dispositions and convictions, its language and subject, re-create the sense of the present, to die away as soon as that present becomes the past. Books of that sort generally are unreadable for succeeding ages; but like other fragments of the past, they help form the present. . . .

What makes America select as its all-time popular books (of course, excluding the Bible and Shakespeare's plays) works as diverse as "How to Win Friends and Influence People," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "In His Steps," "Ben-Hur," and "Gone with the Wind" is a question not lightly answered. "How to Win Friends and Influence People" appeals to the American's utilitarian strain, his constant search

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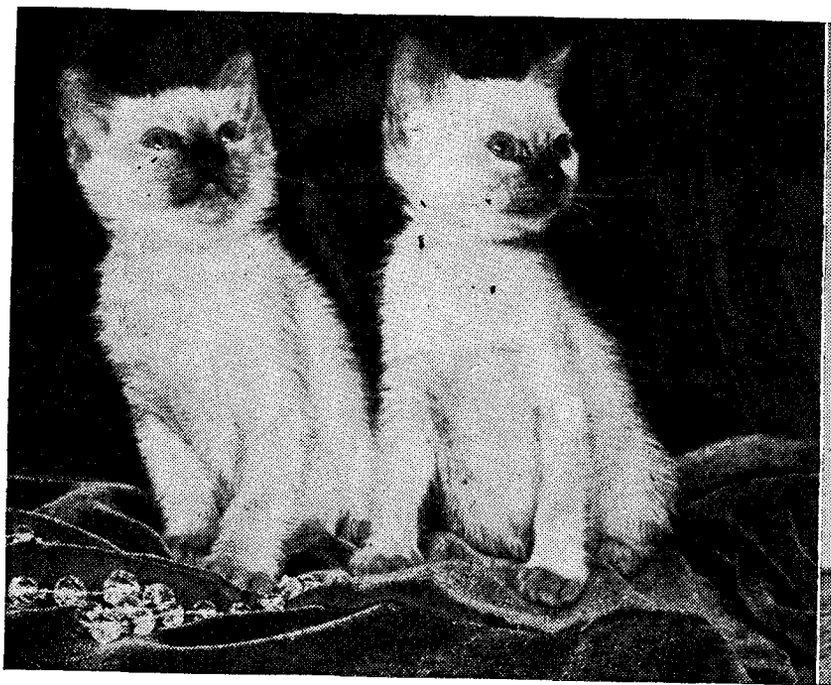
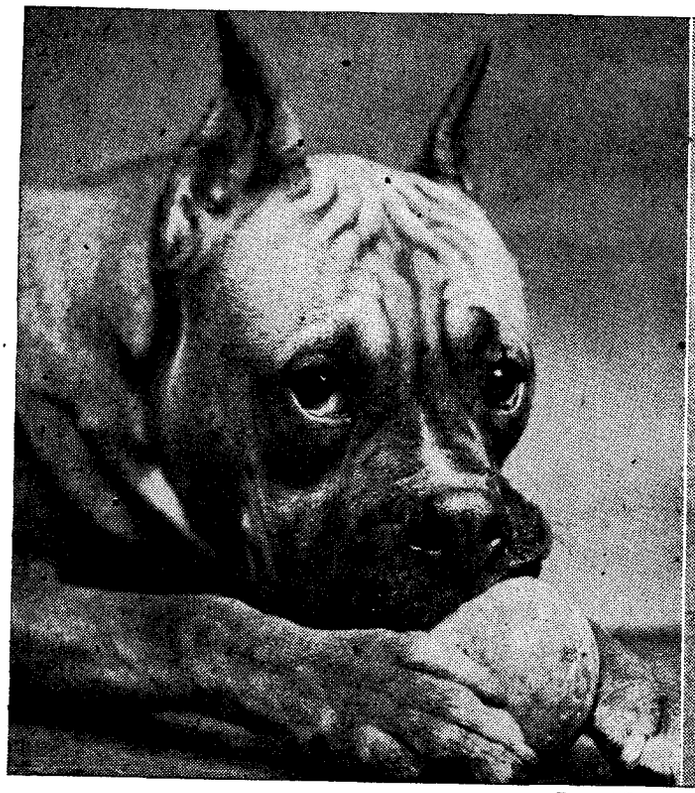


—*From "The Book of Cats," edited by Brant House (Wyn).*

"Minor Aristocracy."

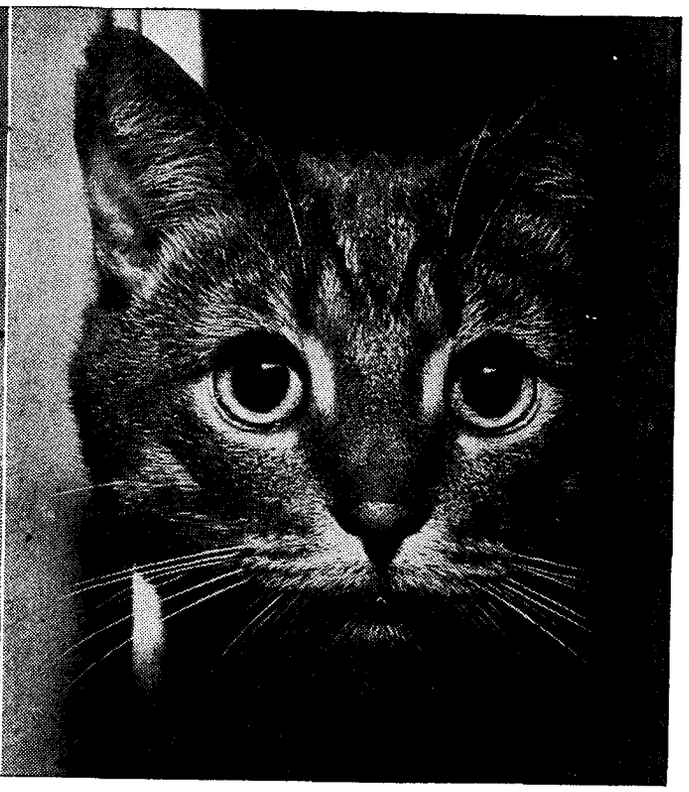
—*From "Dogs," by Ylla (Creative Age).*

"Boston Terrier Puppies."



—*From "Dogs."*

"Boxer."



—*From "The Book of Cats."*

"It Looks Serious."

for success in this world; "In His Steps" appeals to a pietistic strain, a continuing quest for success in terms of the other world; "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is humanitarian in its condemnation of the South; "Gone with the Wind" is romantic in depicting the charms of the South; "Ben-Hur" combines elements that may be discovered in the three other novels but has nothing to satisfy the interest that made a public for Dale Carnegie's work; and surely each of these books has more than one neatly labeled appeal. Were such justifiable companions as "See Here, Private Hargrove" or "Freckles" added to this list of superlatively popular books, the issue would only be further confused. The reasons for the popularity of each book can be seen with some clarity through its relation to certain drives of the period in which it found an audience, but to say what made these and a few others the most widely read of all American books is not to find the sum of America's major ideas and interests, for these diverse texts, popular at one moment, were neglected in the next.

In their time, many men have considered the question what makes one book sell more than another and none have found a definitive answer. Samuel Butler, an author tremendously influential on a limited public but

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never widely popular, reconciled himself to this quandary by writing:

> There are some things which it is madness not to try to know but which it is almost as much madness to try to know. Sometimes publishers, hoping to buy the Holy Ghost with a price, fee a man to read for them and advise them. This is but as the vain tossing of insomnia. God will not have any human being know what will sell.

—From "The Popular Book: A History of America's Literary Taste," by James D. Hart (Oxford).

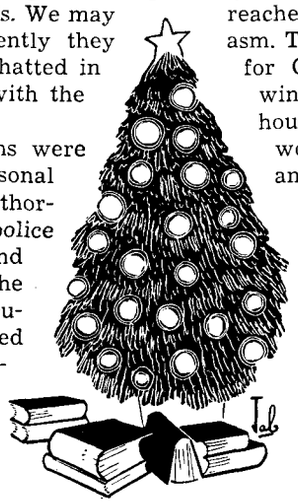
Left of NAM

MANY INDUSTRIALISTS look askance at "those professors." Businessmen in general do a great deal of worrying about so-called Reds in college faculties. I suspect that some of them consider as a dangerous radical anyone to the left of the National Association of Manufacturers. Be that as it may, the wonder to me is that the amount of radicalism among teachers is so small. For it takes either an optimistic teacher or a stupid one to think that his salary is going to keep up with the shrinking dollar. This does not make him necessarily a Red, but he would be a better man than most of us if he did not feel apprehensive and insecure. A man in doubt about the beauties of a free-enterprise system which leaves him in straits has feebler resistance to ideologies that at least promise something better. So far as my knowledge of three institutions goes, the number of professors who are actually Party members or fellow travelers is minuscule, but if industry fears there will be more of them there is an easy solution—give the colleges the wherewithal to restore some feeling of security.

—From an address by Laird Bill, Chicago attorney, before the Mid-Century Convocation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Published in "Mid-Century: The Social Implications of Scientific Progress," edited and annotated by John Ely Burchard, dean of humanities, M.I.T. (The Technology Press of The Massachusetts Institute of Technology and John Wiley & Sons, Inc., New York).

Molotov at Chequers

THE INVETERATE suspicion with which the Russians regarded foreigners was shown by some remarkable incidents during Molotov's stay at Chequers. On arrival they had asked at once for keys to all the bedrooms. These were provided with some difficulty and thereafter our guests always kept their doors locked. When the staff at Chequers succeeded in getting in to make the beds they were disturbed to find pistols under the pillows. The three chief members of the mission were attended not only by their own police officers, but by two women who looked after their clothes and tidied their rooms. When the Soviet envoys were absent in London these women kept constant guard over their masters' rooms, only coming down one at a time for their meals. We may claim, however, that presently they thawed a little and even chatted in broken French and signs with the household staff.



Extraordinary precautions were taken for Molotov's personal safety. His room had been thoroughly searched by his police officers, every cupboard and piece of furniture and the walls and floors being meticulously examined by practised eyes. The bed was the object of particular attention; the mattresses were all prodded in case of infernal machines, and the sheets and blankets were rearranged by the Russians so as to leave an opening in the middle of the bed out of which the occupant could spring at a moment's notice, instead of being tucked in. At night a revolver was laid out beside his dressing gown and his dispatch case. It is always right, especially in time of war, to take precautions against danger, but every effort should be made to measure its reality. The simplest test is to ask oneself whether the other side has any interest in killing the person concerned. For myself, when I visited Moscow I put complete trust in Russian hospitality.

—From "The Hinge of Fate," by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).

Martyrdom

INSIDE THE HOUSE there was as much bedlam and confusion as outside. The room where Gandhi received us lying on his pallet was a bit more quiet, although it was not insulated from the shouts and cries that came from the mobs outside. He apologized for receiving us in a reclining position, explaining that he was still weak from his recent fast. This particular hunger fast was in the interest of Hindu-Moslem reconciliation, and he had ended it a few days before when the riots ceased.

Gandhi was even smaller and more emaciated than I had anticipated. His puny, almost naked body was that of a man who could not have much physical stamina. He was clearly upset by the continued shouting that came from outside, and urged us to come closer to him so that we could hear one another speak. Whenever the cries reached a certain pitch, he put his fingers in his ears and looked appealingly at one of his secretaries who then went to the window and waved at the crowds in an effort to quiet the shouting. This would reduce the volume of sound a bit but as other people began crowding in the cries reached new peaks of enthusiasm. There was a constant call for Gandhi to come to the window. At least once every hour throughout the day he would rise with difficulty and with slow steps walk to the window. Supported by his granddaughter and secretary, he would stand there briefly with his fingers in his ears and wait for quiet. He scolded them like a father and then urged them to go home and work for Hindu-Moslem peace.

In talking with me he demonstrated his complete command of all shadings and niceties of the English language. His speech was simple, and the spiritual overtone appeared in every sentence. When I congratulated him on India's freedom, he shook his head sadly and replied, "Our work for the freedom of India has only begun. So far we have only accomplished the negative part of our task. We have won political freedom. But we are far from having won economic freedom and spiritual freedom. Above all, we have not yet established complete peace between Hindu and Moslem. This divided India we have today is not the free United India I hoped to achieve. Our cause will not have triumphed until Pakistan and India are one. . . ."

During the interview I noticed one of his recording secretaries writing with what seemed to be a scratchy, inferior pen. I asked Gandhi if he would accept the American ballpoint pen I had in my vest pocket. As I passed the pen to Gandhi several of his secretaries smilingly stretched out eager hands. Gandhi smiled and motioned them away as he gave the pen to his first secretary. Turning to me he said, with a wan smile, "You see how I am surrounded by selfish sinners"

A few weeks later an assassin's bullet ended the life of one of the greatest and noblest personalities the world has known. Perhaps Gandhi would have wished it thus, for his martyrdom gave an impetus to the cause of Hindu-Moslem unity and has brought at least temporary peace and agreement.

—From "Fifty Fabulous Years," by H. V. Kaltenborn (Putnam's).

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Belles-Lettres.

Although the casual essay has given way to brisk, nothing-if-not-timely forms of journalism during the past two decades, happily a few writers of wit and perception still try their hand at it. One of them is SRL*'s urbane, learned, and judicious John Mason Brown. Following his now time-honored practice, Mr. Brown has gathered his magazine pieces of the past year between book covers ("Still Seeing Things," reviewed below) to provide Christmas cheer for his devoted following. On the other side of the Atlantic England's Storm Jameson is highly regarded as a critic as well as a novelist. Her "The Writer's Situation" (page 23) is a collection of provocative essays about literature and the people who make it. Sir Osbert, member of the extraordinary Sitwell family, continues his serial autobiography with "Noble Essences" (page 25), a volume crowded with portraits of the literary great in the British Isles.*

Our Arbiter Elegantiarum

STILL SEEING THINGS. By John Mason Brown. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 335 pp. $3.75.

By James Gray

JOHN MASON BROWN has become, I suppose we shall have to admit, a kind of American *arbiter elegantiarum*. To a large following it is a matter of urgent importance to know what view he takes of Winston Churchill's new book, of Helen Hayes's latest play, of the most recently imported film.

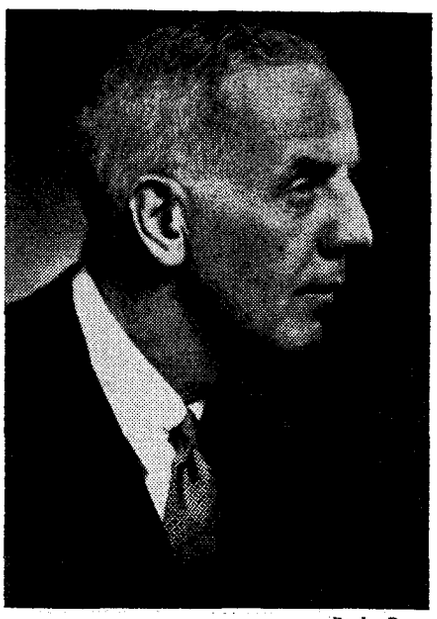
The public which he won as journalist has been widened greatly by his cross-country pilgrimages as adviser extraordinary to women's clubs in all matters of taste and by the books which in the war period began to uncover the depth of his sentiments and the subtlety of his perceptions. In that time of tension he broadened his range by writing with genuine insight of the crucial situations faced by men and nations as they stared straight into the great emergencies of human experience.

But it is to the realm of the civilized arts that he has returned and to it he lends once more his technique of appraisal. His role is to speak, on behalf of the largest number of people who interest themselves in such affairs of head and heart, the authoritative word on the value of each experiment.

The institutionalization of a man is sometimes a painful process to watch. It can result in the most appalling pomposities, the most empty and echoing certitudes of judgment. One is, therefore, delighted to be able to report of John Mason Brown that he is still a good man saved from success. In becoming official he has managed to elude the dangers of becoming oracular.

Let us say that, as arbiter, he has retained his American accent. The self-love stowed away shamelessly in that comment is intended to suggest that it is a native gift, of which Brown produces in each book a superlatively entertaining version, to be at once serious and insouciant, respectful and impudent, just and jocular. As he takes the measure of men, their books and their plays, this high-spirited observer seems to be sustained by a point of view that is stoutly liberal, by an idealism that betrays no spongy receptivity but rather a genuine conviction of the worth of human life.

Yet his principles do not betray him into stateliness or solemnity. His shrewd eye catches the glitter and the extravagance of the day's drama. He values a fine man the more for being a little gaudy. Of Churchill, whom he admires almost worshipfully, Brown dares, nonetheless, to say that he is "one of this globe's most flamboyant figures." What he treasures in the public man is that his "endowments are so varied."



—*Pach Bros.*

John Mason Brown — "vibrating between the sacerdotal and the anecdotal."

Of unpredictable variability also are the talents of Robert Sherwood, another subject for appraisal in Brown's new volume of essays. With his fine skill at vibrating between the sacerdotal and the anecdotal, Brown tells of a night when all the world waited in dedicated and prayerful mood for the coming of D-day. Its actual arrival was less than a week away when a group of Americans met in London to say "hail and farewell" to one another. Of the party was Mr. Sherwood, who improved the occasion by giving his solemn, gaunt-faced performance of the Tin-Pan Alley ballad "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob-Bob Bobbin' Along." (I hope he offered as encore his own superb number, "I Want to Go Back, Back, Back to Akron, Ohio.") As one of the most significant pages of history was about to be written a man who had played a central role (Roosevelt's personal adviser) in the shaping of events took time out to salute fondly the human right to be absurd, which, along with other more sober interests, a war was being fought to protect.

Such moments of revelation are Brown's material for the articles that appear regularly in these pages. Here a sampling of the past year's harvest is brought together. The typical method is to take off from a happening of immediate interest in the art world —the presentation of "The Cocktail Party," the death of Helen Hokinson —on a far flight into the realm of appraisal.

These journeys "put a girdle round the [literary] earth" in far less time than it took Puck to accomplish a similar errand. The esthetic values of everyone from Miguel de Cervantes to Bennett Cerf are spread out before us in lively, provocative, and soundly critical fashion. No long-distance, nonstop marathon endorser, like earlier American arbiters whom one might name, Brown keeps his sense of responsibility as high as are his spirits. One could wish nothing better for American taste than that he should manage to make artistic discernment as infectious as he has made laughter.

James Gray, playwright and author, is professor of English at the University of Minnesota.

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Critical Dilemmas

THE WRITER'S SITUATION AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Storm Jameson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 199 *pp.* $2.50.

By Nona Balakian

ONE of the most intelligent, sensitive, and learned critics in England today is a woman with the unfeminine name of Storm Jameson, who is better known to American readers as a novelist. Had she been born in the eighteenth century, she might have been another Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (she has traveled as widely and has as sharp a sense of the uniqueness of other peoples). Or, if she were a Frenchwoman today, she might be leading a literary movement (for she can be passionate about ideas and literature). But in the England of our day, where, comparatively speaking at least, there is "no ferment of ideas, no excitement," she is content to write modest little essays, which appear from time to time in the few remaining journals. It is only when we read them in a collected and related sequence as in the present volume that we glimpse her real critical stature.

Written within a period of twelve years, the essays here deal specifically with the writer in a time of crisis. Miss Jameson, who has read widely in foreign literatures (especially the French) and is generally *au courant* with the output of her contemporaries, is distressed by the current state of the novel with its emphasis on "little jets of [the author's] personality." Perhaps because as a novelist she is acutely aware of the dilemmas of the modern artist, she does not scold or exhort, but only tries to analyze and understand.

As a humanist (she exemplifies the word in her insistence on the dual attributes of mind and heart), she is naturally drawn to the tradition of French culture with its emphasis on the individual's worth. She has only contempt (though perhaps the word is too strong for her tolerant mind) for a system which controls the minds of its writers. Yet she is aware of another, subtler kind of censorship which operates outside of Soviet Russia—with the possible exception of France—the self-imposed censorship of writers who are so overwhelmed by the sheer ugliness and chaos of their world that they cannot write about it. And it is these same writers who lack the necessary detachment to write strictly about the human heart.

What hope, then, does Miss Jameson see for literature and for mankind since the two are so closely related? Writing in 1941, in the midst of the immediate horrors of the war, she has the foresight to know that military conquest alone will not right the world. The real conquest of Germany and the ever-expanding Fascist-minded world will not be achieved without re-education, without first removing the evil that stems from the ideal of "static efficiency" and the mechanization of all phases of life.

—*Elliott & Fry, Ltd.*

Storm Jameson—in England "no ferment of ideas, no excitement."

And in the year 1945, though still far from seeing her hopes realized, Miss Jameson can take heart because she has talked to young Polish writers in Warsaw who, with a crumbled world at their feet, are still fervent about life and literature.

But most of all Miss Jameson takes heart in the knowledge that there is still a France, with its symbols of eternity—a place where, no matter what the circumstances, people continue to live "with a passion, almost with joy." Only a French writer, André Malraux, she says, has so far asked—and answered—the terrible question of our age: "Can Man survive?"

She suggests further, provocatively, that we test the greatness of our writers by asking of them: are they able to tell us about the destiny of Man, our destiny, in such a way that we have "the courage to live it, and gaily"?

Nona Balakian is a member of the Sunday staff of The New York Times.

Billets Doux & Others

NEW LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Edited, with introduction and notes, by William Clyde DeVane and Kenneth Leslie Knickerbocker. New Haven: Yale University Press. 413 *pp.* $6.

By Frances Winwar

ROBERT BROWNING has never been remarkable for his letters. The very virtues that made for perdurable poetry—his depth upon depth of psychological probing, the chain associations of his fertile fancy, his phenomenal store of learning—stood in the way of his free and spontaneous expression. Moreover, Browning was always in a hurry when writing a letter, as if he grudged every pen stroke not dedicated to his poetry.

One has only to look for evidence at any of the letters from his hand—the collection of his ten-year correspondence with Isa Blagden at the Browning Library of Baylor University, for instance. Or examine those letters now preserved at the Wellesley College Library, letters with which, surely, he must have taken great pains—his best, most impassioned, most heart-inspired—the letters which form his part of the colloquy with Elizabeth Barrett in the days of their courtship. The same hurried scrawls are common to both series, the words truncated by his impatience, the characteristic dashes like so many hurdles for his racing imagination to clear. He confessed to Miss Barrett that he disliked letter writing. That dislike persisted to the end. He wrote letters only when urged by necessity.

Nevertheless, besides the two volumes of love letters, the one of his correspondence with Isa Blagden, and the large volume of "Letters of Robert Browning Collected by Thomas J. Wise," impeccably edited by Professor Thurman L. Hood, there are about half a dozen minor collections of unequal merit. All, however, bear the imprint of Browning's unique personality.

The editors of "New Letters of Robert Browning" have nothing favorable to say for the labors of their predecessors. "There is no editorial apparatus such as annotation and index," they lament in one instance. "The editorial work was not perfectly done," they complain in another. Accordingly, they set out to show how such work should be accomplished. "It is the hope of the editors of this present volume that we may have provided a beginning and a standard which will advance Browning scholarship. . . ." The realization of their hope is not

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always fortunate. In the many pages of their text more than half the space is taken up by their comments and annotations in small type. Some of the notes are relevant and necessary as when they refer to individuals or events not familiar to the general reader. But it is an affront to intelligence to have such figures as Godwin, Macaulay, and Thackeray ticketed and dated with the Smiths and the Fields. What is more, editorial information is often repeated two and three times in almost the same words.

For all their prolixity, however, the editors often withhold important information. One of the best letters in the volume describes the death of Miss Annie Egerton Smith while on vacation with Browning and his sister. Yet though we are told much about Miss Smith in at least four repetitious footnotes, there is no mention whatsoever of the very important fact that her death occasioned the writing of "La Saisiaz," one of the best of Browning's later poems and one which took hold of the public for its hopeful answer to the ageless questioning of the spirit.

Sometimes the editors' information is actually misleading. Browning happened to mention that he had met "the Hoppners, the old friends of Byron." Immediately the zealous annotators must bring in the fact that the Hoppners had also known Shelley, who described them as "the most amiable people." Yes, amiable indeed on first acquaintance. But the truth is that shortly after the meeting the Hoppners created a near-tragedy for Shelley by starting the rumor that his "Neapolitan ward" was in reality his illegitimate child by his wife's stepsister. The epithets that Shelley then applied to the amiable Hoppners the editors would not have dared to print.

The letters themselves, while not so important as those in the major collections already published, contain a number that can compare with the best for the manly, endearing qualities they reveal in Browning. Among them are the letters describing the death of his wife. There is also a vivid account of the disaster wrought by an avalanche at Grissoney, which reveals Browning as a superb artist in prose. The bulk of the correspondence shows him in relation to his publishers, his friends, and the feminine lion-hunters, who would gladly have domesticated him. It is certainly a book for all interested in Robert Browning, despite the editorial flaws.

Frances Winwar is the author of a number of literary biographies, including "The Immortal Lovers," an account of the Brownings.

The Sage of Rapallo

AN EXAMINATION OF EZRA POUND. Essays edited by Peter Russell. New York: New Directions. 268 *pp.* $3.75.

THE LETTERS OF EZRA POUND. 1907-1941. *Edited by D. D. Paige. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 358 *pp.* $5.

By Gerard Previn Meyer

A LONG time ago—back in the early Thirties, when Fascism was still making the trains run on time in Mussolini's Italy and Nazism was so little understood that a college fraternity house in New York City could fly the swastika flag as a "joke"—I was interested more in the progress of a certain "little magazine" than in world affairs. The editor of the magazine, an undergraduate with exceptional literary tastes, was carrying on a spirited correspondence with Ezra Pound, which was made no less spirited by the odd fact that the undergraduate had already written to Mr. Pound under a different name; and Mr. Pound (unaware of the deception, of course) was solemnly advising young Mr. L. to get in touch with Mr. J. He thought "they" had much in common!

The farcical side of this situation gave way to the sublime, for me, when my friend, the undergraduate editor, got a letter from the Sage of Rapallo, going into considerable detail to comment on the first issue of the magazine, and specifically warning me to "stay away from the iambic pentameter." "That sort of thing's all right for ole fossil Eliot and me," Ezra wrote (we always thought of him as "Ezra"), "but a young feller like yourself should try something new." I was grateful, not merely for the advice, which was quite sound (if extreme), but for being noticed at all—and I was strengthened in my resolve to "do a book" someday about Ezra Pound.

Well, neither I nor anybody else in America (or, for that matter, anywhere else) did a book about Pound. (I except T. S. Eliot, of course, with his little volume on "Ezra Pound—His Metric and Poetry"; but this had appeared at an early stage of Pound's career and had made no great splash.) Meanwhile, he kept on writing innumerable letters to a variety of correspondents, great and small (as the list of recipients in "The Letters of Ezra Pound" suggests). "Next to H. L. Mencken," Orrick Johns has recorded, "Pound was the most assiduous letter writer in the world." Johns himself recalled exchanging "hundreds" of letters with Pound—and added, "He was always frank." Maybe it was Pound's frankness, maybe it was the reputation he acquired for being something of a crank, but—whatever the reason and despite the number of friends in high literary circles whom he acquired—nobody erected a "votive stone" to him, unless Eliot's dedication of one of his books to "*il miglior fabbro*" and Yeats's "A Packet for Ezra Pound" can be so regarded.

Pound "promoted" everyone else in whom he saw, or hoped to see, talent; but Pound himself was a prophet without honor in his own country. In fact, he was without honor in other countries as well; in rapid order he shook the dust of London and the dust of Paris from his feet. Not until he reached Rapallo in Italy did he find the atmosphere sufficiently cordial; it was soon thereafter that he began to find reasons for comparing Mussolini with Jefferson, and made it a policy to date his manuscripts according to the Fascist calendar—"Anno. XI," for example, standing for the eleventh year of the Blackshirt Revolution.

Well, today we all know where Ezra Pound is, although considerable difference of opinion seems to exist as to why, and whether it hasn't all been a ghastly mistake on somebody's part. The qualified psychiatrists who have E.P. under their care are, presumably, activated neither by motives of literary revenge nor by the desire to see him escape trial. Therefore, the laymen who continue to agitate the question of his madness or sanity would be better employed if they confined their researches to the madness or sanity of Prince Hamlet: *he*, at any rate, is a creature of fiction!

If it is Pound's work in and for poetry that elicits the essays in "An Examination of Ezra Pound" and the editorial labors involved in compiling "The Letters"—and nothing else—then is it not mistaken devotion that leads so many of the contributors to the first volume and the editors of *both* collections to cast their votes for Pound against any and all opposition? Politics must *not* be the issue where poetry is concerned—then why does Mr. Russell describe Ezra's World War II position simply as

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Ezra Pound in his Paris studio (1923)—"an occupational disease among sinologists."

"unrealistic" and Mr. Paige say that "he saw Europe drifting towards a war that could have been avoided by a simple currency reform"? Some, indeed, of the writers who have contributed essays to "An Examination of Ezra Pound"—if I am not mistaken, Henry Swabey, Max Wykes-Joyce, and Brian Soper—go as far as Pound has gone in their anti-Semitism and pro-Fascism, though naturally in a more polite, British way. Incidentally, the Rev. Mr. Swabey was surely ill-advised to cite "Signora Olivia Rossetti Agresti, the great-niece of D. G. Rossetti" as an authority on the harmlessness of Fascism. My "Encyclopedia Britannica" identifies the Signora as "on the editing staff of the General Fascist Confederation in Industries, Rome" during Musso's palmy days.

Nevertheless, Mr. Russell's compilation has much of value to literature in it. For example, Allen Tate's discussion of the "Cantos" is as good as when I first encountered it in "Reactionary Essays"; Edith Sitwell's study of the texture of Pound's verse is, as might be expected, acute, and there is meaty stuff in other contributions, too, for those who are curious to know what Pound means by his Italian allusions or who want to find out if there is anything to his use of Chinese ideograms beyond a simple desire to impress. (Incidentally, Hugh Gordon Porteus, who discusses Pound's use of Chinese characters, remarks, "And I note in passing that paranoia in some form is clearly an occupational disease among sinologists"—so perhaps one had better not inquire too closely!)

As for "The Letters of Ezra Pound"—well, this fat volume may well stand as the book in tribute which Ezra never achieved in the days when, as Mark Van Doren delicately puts it, he was not yet "permanently beyond reach." If not an actual biography of the poet, it is surely the next best thing; furthermore, for its innumerable behind-the-scene glimpses, it's bound to take its place as a necessary source-book for "the secret history" of modern poetry. Pound's feuds (with Amy Lowell, Harriet Monroe, the universities, even with *SRL*!) are here represented in all their intensity; so is his devotion to the cause of Yeats, Joyce, Frost, and Eliot — especially Eliot — and many lesser lights.

Of course, Pound's particular King Charles's Head, usury, crops up time and again; and a number of his anti-Semitic remarks have apparently escaped the editor's blue-pencil (if it's any comfort, E.P. is revealed as anti-many other things as well, including Christianity!). One can only guess at the spew of vile language that must have been in the original manuscripts that the editor diplomatically replaces in the text by dashes and diagonals; but, judging from some of the language he *has* admitted to print, it seems safe to assume that it was safest, and surely wisest, to delete. What *if* the portrait is partial? When all is said and done—as it won't be for a long time, if these latest additions to the Pound shelf are any indication—Ezra Pound was surely one of the "New Bearings in English Poetry" of our century's first decades. As such, if history is kind, he will be remembered

Sitwell Fresco

NOBLE ESSENCES. By Sir Osbert Sitwell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 356 pp. $4.50.

By R. Ellis Roberts

THE quality of this book, that which gives to the five volumes of this beautifully patterned autobiography its rare and lovely distinction, can be found in a sentence in the portrait of W. H. Davies. Sir Osbert was introduced to Davies by the painter Nina Hamnet, a talented artist with whom generosity was as unconscious, as natural, as breathing. And Sir Osbert writes:

> She was almost alone in our generation in that her bump of reverence was fully developed—and lacking such a sense no true artist can live, its absence impoverishes the soil so that it yields but a stony and withered crop. In those years, however, as today, it was not a fashionable virtue; it is easier to be funny about poets than to give them, alternatively or in addition, their due.

Of course, there is a good deal else in this book of portraits besides the sense of reverence: but it is that sense, and his passionate worship of poetry, which inspire this artist. There is humor; there is wit; there is always a sense of tragedy, a dark cloud far up in the sky, which gives the needed touch of the eternal to the figures that crowd this brilliant fresco on the four great walls and in these lunettas; there is a power of description which is surely unequaled in our time for its grasp on landscapes so various, so familiar, so remote. When I read this work, I find it impossible not to think of the great Italian frescoes: it is as rich and lively as the Riccardi chapel procession, as gay as the Pintorrichio rooms in the Vatican. Literary parallels to Sir Osbert's accomplishment, which this volume completes, I cannot recall—at least among autobiographers.

In the preliminary essay—"Portfolio"—Sir Osbert shows us a few drawings of people not painted here—delicate, sharp drawings of Arthur Waley, Lytton Strachey, Reginald Farrer, that amazing traveler and collector of rare plants, and Epstein's friend the musician Van Dieren. A review, stuffed with quotations, could be written of this chapter alone; at its end the author, "the guide," ushers us into the "picture-gallery . . . hung with eleven portraits." Here is a mystery—for count as nimbly, as subtly as I can, I can only find ten. Has one been lost in the flight from England? The ten

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here are Edmund Gosse, Ronald Firbank, Wilfred Owen, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Ada Leverson, Walter Richard Sickert, W. H. Davies, Violet Gordon Woodhouse, Rex Whistler, and Arnold Bennett. Anyone familiar with these names and what they stand for will at once appreciate and marvel at the quicksilver sympathy of the author, the intelligent humility, the independence of choice. Anyone with young Osbert Sitwell's interests and talents, who could be in and about London, the English counties, and Europe could have met all these people: but of these ten, nine were all friends of his and of his sister and brother. I hope no readers here will resist the charm and power of this book because some of the names are unfamiliar or even unknown. After all, we don't insist on a personal acquaintance with a great painter's models before yielding to the delight of his portraits. Of some of the better-known persons—Gosse, Arnold Bennett, Sickert, d'Annunzio—Sir Osbert makes portraits which some who met them will think too flattering or incomplete; but so fine an observer is he and so persuasive that most critics will be content to admire the work's masterly success. I who met three of those four, and counted Bennett a friend, find such delight in watching them move and live that I am content to say in criticism only that, in the account of Gosse (as in the sketch of Robert Ross) Sir Osbert does not sufficiently take into account the artist's tendency to invent. The essay on Firbank is already known, and, as I read it, it remains far the best, most penetrating study of that eccentric genius. The essays on the great executant on the harpsichord and clavichord, Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse, and on Ada Leverson, the friend who never turned her back or shut her door to Oscar Wilde, are amazing re-creations. The d'Annunzio is of the poet and dramatist when he was master of Fiume, and is, naturally, less personal than the others.

Of the other three portraits it is hard to say which is the best. I have never read so noble a tribute by a younger poet to an older and, in a sense, old-fashioned one as the portrait of the Welsh "tramp," W. H. Davies. The simplicity, the fine sense of vocation, the dignity of the man are splendidly rendered. The essays on Wilfred Owen and Rex Whistler give to Sir Osbert the opportunity to show his indignation—it has been constant with him—at the waste and wickedness of war. The great poet and the great designer and draftsman were a generation apart: Owen was

(*Continued on page* 60)

Fiction. *Since Christmas is a sentimental time, it is fitting that the publishers' end-of-the-year lists should contain a goodly number of novels notable for their narrative and sentimental qualities. Frances Parkinson Keyes, who has won a phenomenal popular following over the past ten years, is not going to lose any of her devotees with "Joy Street," an incident-crammed story of Boston, proper and improper. Another skilled teller of tales, Gladys Hasty Carroll, serves up a palatable helping of sentiment in a story of Yule and a shy lad, "Christmas Without Johnny." More somber in tone is the first novel of a writer who has already won acclaim for his* New Yorker *short stories, Brendan Gill. His account of death in an Irish-American, Roman Catholic family, "The Trouble of One House," is considered by many critics one of the best novels of the current season.*

Experiment in Boston

JOY STREET. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. New York: Julian Messner. 490 pp. $3.

By Josephine Lawrence

THIS is Frances Parkinson Keyes's seventeenth novel. In addition, she has published nine books of non-fiction, one volume of poetry, and one juvenile. Her three latest novels have all passed the million mark in the United States, she is a best-selling author in the British Empire, and her books are now translated into twelve languages. Mrs. Keyes objects to the adjective "indefatigable" as applied to her industry, but her success is based squarely on the cornerstone of hard work.

Probably any author whose successive books gain steadily in sales is a source of suspicion and doubt to the critic or reviewer, who is inclined to distrust the judgment of the general public. That no novel selling a million copies can possibly be literature is a conviction shared by many brilliant minds; unfortunately, this belief is too often linked with the fallacy that a low volume in sales indicates the masterpiece. There is, however, no gainsaying the self-evident truth that any writer whose novels attract the following attained by Mrs. Keyes speaks a language that is understood; that she will establish communication with the millions again in "Joy Street" is a statement not likely to be disputed in terms of reader response.

—*André Snow.*

Frances Parkinson Keyes—"a complicated tapestry [woven] cunningly and with an expert shuttle."

Primarily the new Keyes novel is a love story set in Boston, a city traditionally depicted in fiction as the home of the conservative, the cultured, and the cold. Emily Thayer, the beautiful heroine, is a member of one of the old families, dominated by a grandmother whose dazzling social history covers a span of more than sixty years. Emily is a girl who "has everything," including a trust fund that insures her financial independence and enables her to marry the man of her choice—Roger Field, well-born, struggling young lawyer with his career before him.

This career is to begin with an experiment fathered by the head of a large and influential law firm. Hitherto new blood has been fed into the firm from picked lists of Harvard graduates: the experiment consists in taking on men from different schools and with different racial and religious backgrounds. Three such men have already been placed when Roger, a Harvard alumnus, is chosen to restore the balance. His three associates are David Salomont, a Jew; Brian Collins,

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an Irishman, and Pellegrino de Lucca, an Italian.

Following their marriage, Roger and Emily begin a period of adjustment and growth. Emily is gifted with her fabulous grandmother's executive ability and, although lacking her experienced tact, has a sensitiveness rooted in deep love. That she should meet, early in her married life, the man whom she realizes will always have the power to set her tranquil world afire, is a shock for which she cannot be prepared.

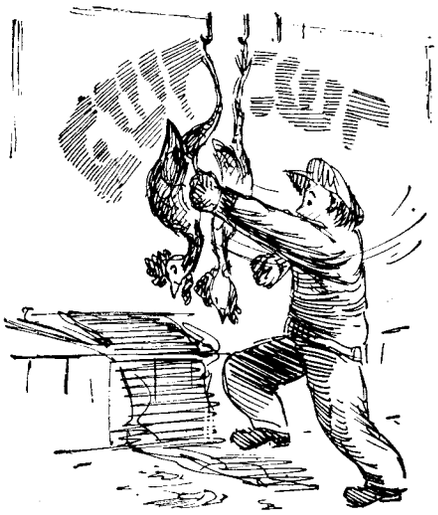
Roger, of course, is absorbed in the serious business of earning a living. The junior legal lights in the law firm are naturally drawn together, first by their common need to feel rescued from oblivion, later by the ties of friendship. David is easily the most brilliant of the quartet, Pellegrino the most lovable, and Brian the most self-sufficient. Each of these men is destined to make an indelible mark upon the life of Emily.

It is a complicated tapestry that Mrs. Keyes weaves, cunningly and with an expert shuttle. She handles half a dozen stories in her lavish shadings, but there is no mistaking her firm control of the threads. The three men who love Emily: Roger, David and Brian; the incredible story of Pellegrino and Simonetta; the whole elaborate structure of the families involved and the contrast, clash, and conflict stemming from the working-out of the "experiment" and symbolized by the city backdrop are smoothly integrated with an artist's practised skill.

Though the marriage of Emily and Roger covers only five years and the entire action of the book is compressed into a decade, Mrs. Keyes's prodigal generosity drives her to crowd her pages with people, pictures, historical facts, and figures; indeed there is more than a touch of the grand-opera scale in her sumptuous extravagance. Partly, perhaps, because the overwhelming number of characters thins out in the last section, the final chapters offer the most satisfying reading.

In a foreword Mrs. Keyes has recapitulated some of the difficulties and personal sacrifices that have gone into the writing of this specific title. Her acknowledgments reveal the thoroughness of her methods in collecting and checking material; whether in taking her public so fully into her confidence she has destroyed the effect of spontaneity, risked the danger of creating second-hand impressions, or substituted contrivance for conviction will be a matter of individual opinion. In all likelihood, the verdict will be that "Joy Street" has even greater appeal than any of Mrs. Keyes's preceding novels.

From the Ghetto to Siegel Street



—From the jacket of "One Foot in America."

HEART UPON THE ROCK. By Joseph Gaer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 214 pp. $2.75.

ONE FOOT IN AMERICA. By Yuri Suhl. New York: The Macmillan Co. 252 pp. $2.75.

By Nathan L. Rothman

IN MORE than one way these two books are complementary, almost as though the writers Gaer and Suhl had conferred and agreed to divide their materials strategically. In point of time Joseph Gaer's "Heart Upon the Rock" comes first. It describes the lives—and in a very particular sense the ritual lives—of the Jewish folk in the town of Yanovke, on Russia's Rumanian border. We follow them along their muddy road into the communal bathhouse and out again as they gather at the synagogue; we are present as they split metaphysical hairs over the Commentaries, as they celebrate the Days of Repentance, the Feast of the Tent, the Rejoicing of the Law. We behold also what may seem at first sight to be the more mundane aspects of their daily lives, such as the kneading of bread, the slaughtering of chickens, the haggling with a matchmaker, the shopping for a wedding gown, the arrival of a letter, and the basic experiences: death, birth, marriage, and departure. But nothing of this is mundane or can be in Yanovke fifty years ago. The dictates of God are written everywhere, and no step is taken or any gesture made without awareness of His presence. It may be said that the words spoken in the synagogue were only the special and concentrated symbols for the general prayer that went up every moment of the day in Yanovke. This unending handclasp between the people of Yanovke and their God was the source of their strength under pressure otherwise unbearable.

Their lives are seen largely through the eyes of the widow Hannah and her children, who are streaming away from her toward the fabled shores of America. As Daniel, the youngest boy, leaves to join his brothers there the story comes to a close. And it seems to be taken up again in Yuri Suhl's "One Foot in America," which opens as the boy Sol Kenner stares from his place upon the immigrant deck of a steamship at the magical skyline. He and his father have come to New York to join their relatives, and the book is a history of his adventures. And what adventures they are, how spirited and comical! Sol finds a job in a butcher shop; Sol goes to school; Sol has a girl; Sol helps a matchmaker arrange a match for his father; Sol becomes a real enterprising American. The movement is light and quick, and so also are the emotions, all momentary and glancing. There is no pain, no looking backward for Sol. Old memories and old traditions are running off him like water. He and the youngsters like him are walking in the streets of New York to a new, intoxicating music. Everything looks different. Let the reader notice how many of the factors of Yanovke reappear in Sol Kenner's Brooklyn—and how they have changed in dimension. The ritual of the slaughter of chickens: to Daniel, the boy of Yanovke, it is a scene of apocalyptic terror; in Sol Kenner's butcher shop it is material for a hilarious mishap. The matchmaker of Yanovke—wise, enigmatic, influential—shrinks in Brooklyn to niggling, vestigial proportions. The man who devotes his life to the Talmud is in Yanovke a man of surpassing honor; in Brooklyn he is the man who is obviously neglecting his duty as breadwinner. The Talmud will share a man with no one. So, in the sun of freedom something dark and profound fades out of the lives of the immigrant Jews;

(*Continued on page* 62)

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 870)

T. KASE:
JOURNEY TO THE MISSOURI

The Emperor was nurtured in the idea that Japan was a holy land, protected since prehistoric times by her numberless guardian gods so that she . . . never suffered defeat. . . . It must have required immense courage . . . to break away from it all.

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Gettysburg and Korea

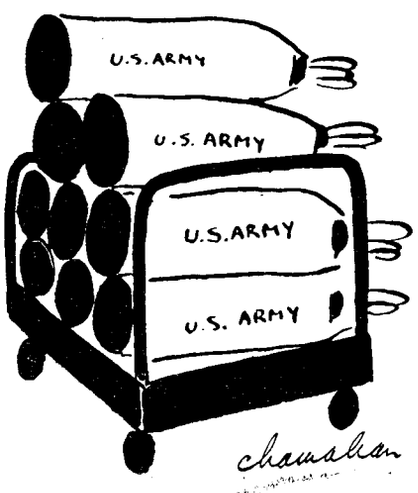
AN important American anniversary has just slipped by virtually unnoticed. November 19 marked exactly four score and seven years since Abraham Lincoln dedicated the military cemetery at Gettysburg.

Gettysburg thus becomes more than an important milestone in American history. It is an epic balancing-point and half-way mark for our times. And it imposes an impressive obligation upon us to review our growth as a nation and to reassess the high purposes and ideals to which we committed ourselves in revolution in 1776, and to which Lincoln rededicated the nation in 1863.

There is cause for pride in the fact that American democratic constitutional government is the oldest political structure in continuous operation in the world. But the cause of free government and free men has not been easy. The task assigned us by Lincoln still remains. That task was to justify the ultimate sacrifice of the war dead and to bring about a new birth of freedom.

For beyond November 19, 1863, there were to be hundreds of Gettysburgs. Words of compassion and resolution were to be spoken over fallen American soldiers on strange battlefields many thousands of miles from home — at Flanders and in the Argonne Forest, on the banks of the Meuse and the Seine and the Rhine, at Chateau-Thierry, Verdun, Mauberge, and Metz-Lorraine, at St. Mihiel and Chemin-des-Dames; on islands small and large stretching across the Pacific: Pearl Harbor, Midway, Kwajalein, Guam, Tarawa, Tinian, Truk, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa; at places hardly even mentioned in geography books; Guadalcanal, Saipan, Tulagi, Apamama, Salamama, Rabaul; at Gona, Buna, Makin, Munda, and Bougainville; at places where they waited so long for us to come back, Bataan and Corregidor and Leyte and Manila; at a dozen harbors in North Africa and in the sands of Algeria, Tunisia, and Libya; in Pantelleria and Sicily and the mainland of Italy, at Salerno and Cassino and Bologna and a beachhead at Anzio; at places in France familiar to fathers and brothers only twenty-five years ago, Dieppe, Calais, Cherbourg, Le Havre, Caen, Rouen, Beauvais, Compiegne, St. Quentin, Soissons, Chantilly, Reims, Montmedy; along the long roads to St. Lo and Luxembourg and the dozens of small villages blood-locked by the Bulge. Or the thousands of graves of the coasts and far out in the world's oceans, or in planes crashing over Britain and France and Germany and Italy and Africa and remote mountain regions in China and Burma and wherever planes flew.

And today, Korea. It is not even a fresh generation that has been called up; indeed, many of the same men who returned only five years ago to live out the anticipations of peace are once again in battle. The graves in Korea, like the others, will have their dedications; but the dedications this time are in marked contrast with the life of the nation as a whole. For we are at war and yet not at war. Each day there is fighting and dying at the Korean front, but there is no home front in the sense that there is any real community of sacrifice. The geographical distance to Korea, great as it may be, is far less than the moral distance. There is a strange sense of detachment and compartmentalization. We anxiously follow the war news, to be sure; but it is roped off in a corner of our minds and largely unrelated to the life of a people enjoying the greatest prosperity in human history.



What makes the contrast all the stronger is that Korea may have even greater ultimate significance than either of the two global wars of this century. Certainly, there is the danger that Korea may lead to full-scale world atomic war. But there is also an opportunity — unparalleled, real, awesome — that Korea can succeed in becoming a war against war itself. A future historian may record that the United Nations was conceived at San Francisco but that it was not truly born until five years later in blood and battle in Korea. For Korea forced the free world to face up to decisions too long evaded or deferred. Those decisions related to the need to give the United Nations effective powers. Since San Francisco there had been a belief, conceived more in hope than historical experience, that the United Nations could keep the world from becoming unhinged in another war even though it lacked the authority or the means to deal with major threats to the peace by major powers. The large nations, fearful of encroachments on their sovereignty, resisted efforts to change or transform the United Nations into a body which could in fact do what the preamble called upon it to do in theory; namely, crush the scourge of war.

BUT Korea demonstrated with blazing urgency the fact that peace is not an amorphous, drifting thing but has an architecture of its own, requiring clarity in its design, depth in its foundation, strength in its supports. And the founding fathers of world law are not so much the statesmen of Lake Success as they are the individual soldiers in Korea, hammering out a great principle with their lives. This is the principle that the peoples of the world are no longer obligated to acquiesce in anarchy but must meet the responsibilities involved in protecting the welfare of the community-at-large.

Victory in Korea, however, will only demonstrate the validity and the beauty of this principle; it will not by itself cause the principle to endure. In order to endure, the principle must be understood and made firm. If after Korea there is an easing-off and settling-back, then this principle and the sacrifice which illumined it will be worthless. But if after Korea it is recognized that the job is not finished but only begun, and that the remaining task is to build a world community under law, then there are grounds for hope such as our generation until now has hardly dared even to dream about.

When it comes time to dedicate

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the memorial to the war dead of Korea, let it be said that the new birth of freedom for which they fought was not only for ourselves but for the human community, and that the new flag which flew over their battlefields was not merely a tentative emblem but a banner representing the collective conscience of peoples everywhere.

A quarter of a century before Lincoln defined the challenge of Gettysburg, Alexis de Tocqueville concluded his brilliant and affirmative study of democracy in America with these words of prophetic insight for Lincoln's time and ours both:

"It is true that around every man a fatal circle is traced beyond which he cannot pass; but within the wide verge of that circle he is powerful and free. As it is with man, so with communities. The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal, but it depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness."

—N. C.

Bookmarks

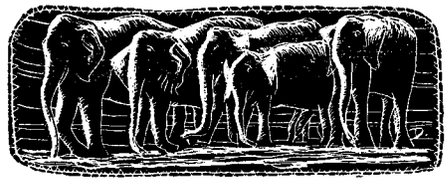
FOR the benefit of future lexicographers, we were able to present precise statistics on the duration (or at least the termination) of the cocktail hour. We were walking through New York's Grand Central Terminal one afternoon recently when a waiter popped out of the Hotel Commodore's entrance to the concourse. He reached up and took down a sign reading "Cocktail Hour," which was suspended over the middle of the doorway. In its stead he hung a sign reading "Dinner Being Served." We looked at our watch. Time, 5.19.

* * *

Egress: A woman who is tremendously excited about something.

* * *

Hannibal's idea in taking elephants across the Alps (was it in Punic War I, II, or III?) was to give the Romans a taste of psychological warfare. That is the opinion of Lt. Col. J. H. Williams, O.B.E., whose "Elephant Bill," an account of his quarter-century experiences with "the most lovable and sagacious of all beasts," is one of those books you pick up just to look at the pictures and read right through. We were happy to find a passing reference to King Theebaw of Burma in Colonel Williams's book—the identical King Theebaw of Kipling's "Mandalay," whose queen was Supi-yaw-lat, namesake of the lady who smoked whackin' white cheroots. When Colonel Williams left Burma in 1945 he bade a personal goodbye to 417 elephants.



* * *

From the fiction writer's thermophysiological lexicon: *the cold shoulder, the cool brain, the warm heart, the hot foot.*

—J. T. W.

Dispute Between the Head & Heart of the Poet

By OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

HEAD

WHAT IS it now my heart?
I hear you paeaning;
Surely you would not start
More Hymenaening?
Have we not been in love
Head, heart and soul full
Have you not had enough?
None like an old fool!
Many a wild goose chase
Have I attended
Only to save your face
When the hunt ended:
Quests of the Beautiful,
The Rare, the Ideal,
When the pursuit, if full
Of fancies, was real.
Now for this latest fad,
Let me assert
You'll go alone, me lad—
Headless, an heart.

HEART

Oh, she's a beautiful
Marvelous being!
None but a surly fool
Judges unseeing.
She is a wilding rose,
Rock-pent and lonely,
As for the others, those,
Harbingers only.

HEAD

All this before I've heard,
This, and much more.
Save with "the Best" when had
You an amour?
Let me repeat to you
Names you confessed;
I'll name but a few,
All of them "best":
Constance, the lovely-lipped,
Truthful and pretty;
Kathleen, the trimly-hipped,
Thoughtful and witty;
Quaint thoughts that trammel a
Dream of Denise;
Shame-faced young Pamela
In her chemise.

HEART

Thick is her golden hair
Filling its band full;
And if you felt her bare
Breast, not a handful!
All her soft curves unfold
Beauty as terse as
That the curved letters hold
In the Greek verses.
All you've seen hitherto
And, as a sequel,
Opposed your blethers to,
Are not her equal.
All merely movie tones
Seen in the dark.
She is Life's blood and bones,
And the day's spark.

HEAD

Heart, but I am too old
Now for this questing.
Time is not backward rolled
At your suggesting;
Nor were I young again
Would I compete.
You are not only vain
But indiscreet.

HEART

Old! were you ever young
Blithe and uncautious?
Now your sarcastic tongue
Sounds to me nauseous.
Filling each gusty day
In with your zeros
Is not the lover's way,
No, nor the hero's.
Let me ask once for all
Where but for me,
Reckless, emotional,
Where would you be?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Shakespeare Cut to Size

SIR: Without entering into the heat of the discussion about the comic-book "Macbeth" [EDITOR'S NOTE: See pages 13-14], may I contribute a word on John Mason Brown's side?

To one child Lamb's "Tales" did a definite harm. They served as a delightful introduction to Lamb, not Shakespeare. Her first youthful reaction to the real Shakespeare was: "Just talk. No story." For many years the great playwright was a closed book to her. Only in middle age did she come to a realization of how she had been cheating herself; only gradually did she arrive at some conception of the towering majesty of the Elizabethan writers.

Call it, if you wish, a case of slow development, yet the fact remains that in her case the Lamb approach acted in reverse. Not unnaturally, she has a strong conviction that to offer youthful minds any cut-to-size introduction to great literature is to give them the bare bones of the masters' works instead of their flesh and blood, entirely omitting the very quality that entitles them to their pre-eminence.

HELEN MORTON TODD.

Palo Alto, Calif.

Doom and Gloom

SIR: Waldo Frank in his "Fallacy of the Liberals" [*SRL* Oct. 28] says that although Huxley, Heard, Orwell, and Toynbee despaired that intelligence could promote Utopia, "none dug into the problems of the bearing of the intelligence, as it was commonly defined, on the doom of the historic world."

I suggest he rummage once more in the pages of Spengler's "Decline of the West." He should now be safely weaned from liberalism's breast-fed diet of "trivial optimism" as Spengler called the many mouthings of do-gooders and world-improvers so that he can recognize the great historian-philosopher as more than a "poet of defeat," as Mr. Frank pigeon-holed him some years ago. He will find that Spengler had diagnosed the aches and infirmities of Western civilization as symptoms of decay and disintegration, when he and other hopesters dismissed them as growing pains and urged us on to Utopia.

J. S. ELMORE.

Eastlake, Colo.

SIR: Please let me protest Waldo Frank's mention of the "anemia" of our generation and its "finding literary leadership in T. S. Eliot, whose thin voice of iridescent sighs rises from impotent nostalgia for an archaic dogma." Eliot's voice in his "The Cocktail Party" is anything but thin. His character Celia exemplifies the very essence—archaic *and* modern—of living Christianity, the sacrifice of self for the good of others.

CLARE LYON HARDMAN.

Hollywood, Calif.

SIR: May I congratulate your magazine on the publication of "The Fallacy of the Liberals," by Waldo Frank. In my judgment this is the most important piece to have seen the light in *The Saturday Review* or any other magazine in many a long year.

Our ability to extricate ourselves from the combination of perils in which we are now involved will, I think, depend upon a broad consensus with the views expressed by Mr. Frank. If, as he says, "Our civilization is threatened from within . . . because our trifling values, concepts, definitions are themselves dead reactions," the crucial question is, can we turn to something living in time?

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER.

Washington, D. C.

O Rare Philip Wylie!

SIR: Philip Wylie rings the bell every time! A thousand cheers for his magnificently intelligent reply to Ernest O. Melby [*SRL* Oct. 7]. Here is a rare mind that refuses to compromise to the detriment of Truth.

E. KILPATRICK.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Philip Wylie's answer to Ernest O. Melby's article made my heart sing. I am glad that so worthy a magazine as yours had the privilege of printing this classic.

MRS. LLOYD J. HENDERSON.

New York, N. Y.

Editorial Approval

SIR: I am heartily in accord with the views of Curtis G. Benjamin [LETTERS, *SRL* Nov. 4]. I should like very much to know it as the "Saturday Review" and with somewhat less of the book reviews. . . . Let me say that I buy the review principally for the editorial page, which to me is worth the price of admission.

JOHN GLYNN.

Cincinnati, O.

SIR: . . . A collection of *SRL* editorials would furnish the student and the thinker with some of the best critical writings of our times.

SHIRLEY WELLER.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I just can't seem to find time to burn all these old papers of yours, Mr. Boswell. Would it be all right to lock them in the storeroom until I get around to it?"

Actuarial GBS

SIR: In the deluge of sentiment, we should note that Bernard Shaw did *not die*; he encountered the "statistically inevitable fatal accident."

GORDON JAYNES.

Cambridge, Mass.

Behn Misspelt

SIR:

If the burner's named for Buhnsen
And the lighter's made by Rohnson,
Then when all is said and done, son,
"To Celia" is by Johnson.

(See *SRL*, Nov. 4, page 45)

MARITZA M. LONGYEAR.

Falmouth, Mass.

The Right Art

SIR: Gilbert Seldes ["Life on the Tinsel Standard," *SRL* Oct. 28] apparently believes in the separation of what is generally considered entertainment and art. I think it hardly fair for him to imply that entertainment is something vulgar and isolated in respect to art. While all entertainment can by no stretch of the imagination be thought of as art, all art is, by any connotation you may prefer, a means for providing the highest type of entertainment and enjoyment.

Schiller once said: "All art is dedicated to joy, and there is no higher

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and no more serious problem than how to make men happy. The right art is that alone which creates the highest enjoyment."

If there be another, more important criterion for recognizing a work of art, I would appreciate being advised of the secret.

JACK LINDEMAN.

Washington, D. C.

No Cash Needed

SIR: As to Ernst Bacon's letter [*SRL* Sept. 2] about the use of contemporary poetry for song lyrics, there is seldom any need to pay cash for their use, unless there is some special reason for doing so. A royalty arrangement is fair to both parties, by which the poet may receive one-third, or sometimes one-half, of possible royalties. I have followed this method, both in setting the lyrics of others and in the setting of my poems by others.

SYDNEY KING RUSSELL.

New York, N. Y.

Requiem to a Poetess

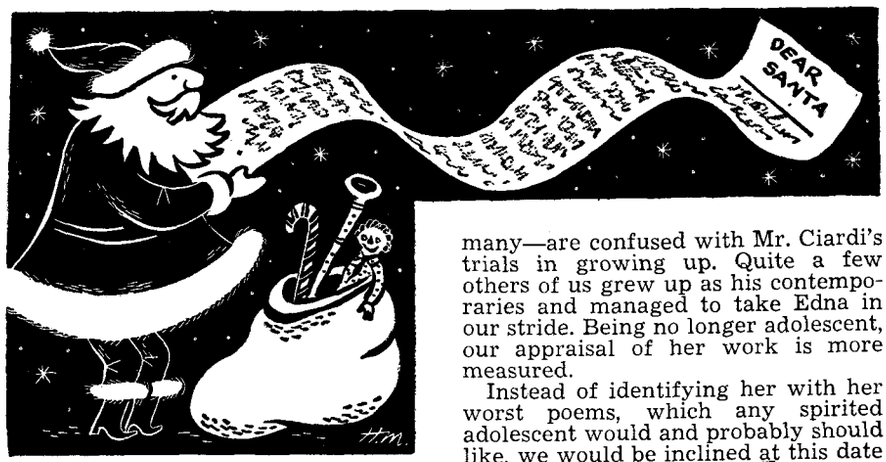
SIR: When I saw featured on the cover of *SRL* Nov. 11 an article about the late Edna St. Vincent Millay I was greatly excited. After reading it I am so angry and disappointed that I find myself writing to reproach you for printing such a petty and malicious requiem, which dwells insistently on the lesser works of a truly great lyric poetess.

John Ciardi intimates that at the time of Miss Millay's great fame only the adolescents and malcontents of humdrum living were moved by her poems. Had he read the critical estimate of her work at that time he would have realized that she was acclaimed by mature critics not for her attitudes but for the lyric perfection of her verse. It is unfair to dwell exclusively on or to quote only the mediocre.

E. W. PARAMORE.

East Norwich, N. Y.

SIR: John Ciardi's article betrays an almost neurotic eagerness to disclaim and deplore his early enthusiasm for a now unfashionable—but immortal—kind of poetry. Why is it any more "coy" for her to use some of the phrases he quotes (notably not her best work) than for him to present himself as a presumably appealing



adolescent in knickers in the Public Library of Medford? What in heaven's name have the "incredible" dresses of the period to do with the matter? The clothes of every age are incredible to the following one. He ignores Millay's best poems, her most poignant lyrics. With his estimate of the later socially-conscious works most persons of taste must agree. The article in general assumes an air of condescension difficult to justify. Because thou art harsh and obscure, shall we have no more silver jets of melody?

KATHARINE DAY LITTLE.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: I did not know Edna St. Vincent Millay personally and I was never a great admirer of her verse. But it seems to me that she was a true poet both in her earlier and later works. She at least possessed the lucidity which most of her contemporaries lack.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Edna St. Vincent Millay grew old as *SRL*'s art director so pitilessly (and unnecessarily) demonstrated. And John Ciardi, too, has grown old, as he unwittingly reveals in his critique. But Edna's poems will forever remain new and fresh so long as we have new and fresh minds to read and to react.

EDMUND S. WHITMAN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Somehow or other, Miss Millay's faults as a poet—and she had many—are confused with Mr. Ciardi's trials in growing up. Quite a few others of us grew up as his contemporaries and managed to take Edna in our stride. Being no longer adolescent, our appraisal of her work is more measured.

Instead of identifying her with her worst poems, which any spirited adolescent would and probably should like, we would be inclined at this date to measure her best poems against the accepted best in modern poetry.

LOUISE LITTLE STURGIS.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Edna St. Vincent Millay was no ivory-tower resident. She was a tremendous booster of American show business. She thought "radio has the opportunity and, if skilfully employed, the power of giving to its listeners through the medium of poetry, as great a happiness and as deep an enrichment of their lives as it has given through the medium of music." She listened to the radio on an old table model. She switched the dials to symphonic music, news round-ups, and sports programs. She followed the fistic battles of Joe Louis. Once when her radio broke down she traveled twenty miles in order to hear the blow-by-blow account of a Louis fight. She was miserable when Charlie McCarthy went off the air. On one occasion she wrote a poem in praise of the dummy's brilliant behavior and sent it to Edgar Bergen via Western Union. The poem read:

Last night I heard upon the air
A little man who wasn't there,
He wasn't there again today,
I hope he'll never go away.

She brought considerable fragrance to the air waves with her magnificent poetry readings from the former NBC studios at 711 Fifth Avenue. In the beginning (circa Cockaday Circuit) the NBC program nabobs thought there would be a limited, somewhat "precious" audience for the Millay readings. They discovered otherwise when the fan mail rolled in. West Point cadets, Scranton coal miners, Tacoma lumberjacks, Arizona cowpunchers, Texas oil drillers—these and many more demanded a repeat performance by the glorious writer.

Years later the world was privileged to hear her memorable dramatic poem "The Murder of Lidice," her first document written expressly for radio. One of the greatest works ever to be written for the air, it cried out against the horrors of dictatorship. In burning single-syllabled words she called upon all freedom-seeking people to fight the barbaric invaders. It was an eloquently moving performance with Paul Muni, Clifton Fadiman, and the late Alexander Woollcott against a background of special music by the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Radio came of age that day.

JO RANSON.

New York, N. Y.

Possible Osmosis

SIR: You haven't printed any parallel columns for a long time. Here is a possible case of literary osmosis:—

"Gabriel Rossetti, a true poet, if not a great one, very firmly declared himself not at all sure that the earth really revolved round the sun. He even aggravated this scandalous position by asking, what, after all, did it matter."

—From an address by John Morley at the Mansion House, London, February 26, 1887. (Reprinted in Lord Morley's "Politics and History.")

"I found incidentally that he [Holmes] was ignorant of the Copernican Theory and of the composition of the Solar System. That any civilized human being in this nineteenth century should not be aware that the earth traveled round the sun appeared to me such an extraordinary fact. . . . 'What the deuce is it to me?' he interrupted."

—From Dr. Watson's analysis of Sherlock Holmes in "A Study in Scarlet," published in *Beeton's Christmas Annual* for 1887.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

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Humor. *One of the nicest ways we know to bid a friend a Merry Christmas in the grim year of 1950 is to give a book that will provide him with a few laughs. The publishers obligingly offer books tailored to fit every sense of humor. If your friend prefers to get his laughs from pictures, he will be grateful for Helen Hokinson's posthumous "The Ladies, God Bless 'Em," Cobean's "The Naked Eye," "Charles Addams' Monster Rally," and* SRL*'s own "Through History with J. Wesley Smith," by Burr Shafer. If he enjoyed Horace Sutton's Parlogram pieces in* SRL *some months back, he'll go for F. S. Pearson's "Fractured French." If he likes his ribs tickled by words as well as pictures, you have even greater choice: Cornelia Otis Skinner's "Nuts in May," John Kobler's "Afternoon in the Attic" and H. Allen Smith's "People Named Smith."*

The Buoyant Mrs. Blodget

NUTS IN MAY. By Cornelia Otis Skinner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 188 *pp.* $2.75.

By Rosemary C. Benét

EVERY now and then I meet someone who says in what is obviously a self-satisfied voice, "Oh, I *never* read light fiction." Now why ever not? Where is the virtue in that? Light fiction is quite as hard to do well as the grim, stark school. Do such people like only serious conversation, preferring endless Ancient-Mariner accounts of major operations, nervous breakdowns, stock-market curves, and the effect of the atom bomb? If so, they will *not* like "Nuts in May" for it is definitely light fiction, designed to amuse, and Miss Skinner's tone is that of an entertaining dinner companion, making a story diverting, embroidering an anecdote with humor, but not necessarily enlightening us. Like her friend and erstwhile collaborator, Emily Kimbrough, amusing things seem to happen to her and nothing is lost in the telling.

It is as though she said to the reader, "Did I ever tell you about the time I tried to send a wireless to a ship from Paris?" or, "Will you ever forget the trials of my opening night?" or even, "Do you remember the day Mother and Father Skinner had an audience with the Pope?" Her stories move easily and lightly and they are sufficiently varied, since her own background is varied. As Mrs. Blodget, her domestic life is here in some detail. She visits her son at prep school, she receives his guests, she and her husband buy a house. As Cornelia Otis Skinner, the actress, her professional life takes the fore and there is an account of the trials of benefit performances, the problems of first nights, and the lady who insists she must have come from Butte, Montana. Then there are some general sketches, like the report on Dr. Kinsey or one called "Laugh Happy," where she says the nervous giggle is both prevalent and a nuisance. The only sketch I didn't care for, and here I seem to agree with *The New Yorker*, which published all but this, is "Seaweed Sewer," a takeoff on Steinbeck. Her son appears in a number of the sketches and he is quite clearly Cornelia's jewel. We see him at various ages and in varying moods. He is ten years old when he is collecting horse bones hoping they will turn out to be those of the ichthyosaurus; he is fifteen or so when he takes to entertaining diverse strong, silent, and anonymous guests and a shade older when he gets his first dinner coat. I suppose one's favorite piece is apt to be the one nearest one's own experience. I like "Ordeal for Sons," the maternal visit to the halls of learning, and "Parcel of Land," the account of trying to purchase a house, legal minds to the contrary, which is word for word from my own experience.

—From "Nuts in May."

The thirteen sketches have gay pictures by Alajálov. "Nuts in May" will amuse you and so far as I am concerned that is enough. That is just what it sets out to do, and it succeeds.

Oddities & Addams

AFTERNOON IN THE ATTIC. By John Kobler. Illustrations by Charles Addams. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 135 *pp.* $3.75.

By Howard Cushman

PERHAPS you thought your fellow man
And all his works were hunky-dory,
Constructed on a normal plan—
Well, brother, it's a different story!
This book with strange recitals rife is,
From which you learn how cock-eyed life is.

The antic, attic gamut runs
From barkeep schools (Advanced Martinis)
To circus gentry shot from guns
(You surely know the mad Zacchinis!)
And all the guys and all the madames
Are grimly limned therein by Addams.
(That extra fancy "d," my pet,
Stands for "demoniac" in our set.)

The spiritualistic medium
Is here to ease your tedium,
With spooks and poltergeists aplenty
That levitate along Route 20.
(For cultist, mystic, nut, or crackpot,
York Staters always hit the jackpot.)

The gentleman in Paris who'll
Be glad to help arrange a duel;
The doings at Le Grand Guignol—
And Madame Tussaud's, quite as droll;
Gibraltar's apes that breed and clown,
Protected by the British crown;
And many another lad and wench
With quirks too numerous to mench.

A gay and leering tome, my lads,
And worthy of your salary,
To brighten up the home, my lads,
This wild and winsome gallery.
Besides, it's nice to know for sure
That someone's screwier than you're!

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Not Toynbee, but . . .

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH. By Burr Shafer. New York: The Vanguard Press. 128 pp. $2.

By Frank A. Clarvoe

A COUPLE of years ago, before it became fashionable to quote from Arnold Toynbee, I lost my way one night and stumbled into a meeting of intellectuals discussing "A Study of History." Somebody caught me looking slightly intelligent for a moment and asked me if I'd read it. "No," said I, brightly, "I'm waiting for the movie to come out." In the ensuing freeze I slipped home to a stack of back copies of *SRL*. I spent the evening with history according to J. Wesley Smith.

Burr Shafer, the artist, and Robert Gardner, research companion and caption writer, have been interpreting history in *SRL* for both the whimsical and belly-laugh sets.

Mr. Shafer has brought his indestructible character, J. Wesley Smith, from the caves to modern times. With a bold-stroking brush the artist has kept Smith in dress and expression faithful to the incident portrayed. Mr. Gardner has provided the twist in caption to supply both information and humor.

Now these cartoons have been collected in a book, and for my money it's the happiest thing that has happened to encourage general interest in history since H. G. Wells's "Outline."

Messrs. Shafer and Gardner have done some original research, as the book will remind their admirers. For example, we can see how the Smith Brothers looked before they grew beards and became Trade and Mark; that our fearless hero tried to sell insurance to the feuding Hatfields and McCoys; what actually was said when the wheel was invented; and what inspired Chippendale's table legs.

But why go on? And why let even a shred of criticism creep in? Yet, what would a book review be without an attempt at profound disagreement with the publisher—or the author?

I wish two things had happened in preparation of the book: one, that it might have been arranged in historical chronology; two, that the facts involved in the pictured incidents might have been put in a footnote on each page. These are minor faults. Perhaps lack of sequence adds to the charm, and historical footnotes might have deprived the curious of doing some research on their own.

Frank Clarvoe is editor of the San Francisco News.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"*Please* sit down, General Washington—you're rocking the boat." (*SRL Aug.* 18, 1945)

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I had no idea these Sabine women were so *heavy*!" (*SRL June* 3, 1950)

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Bread and circuses! Bread and circuses! *I* want Social Security." (*SRL Dec.* 24, 1949)

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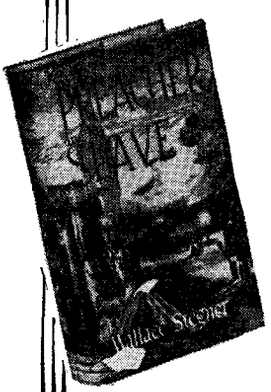
Houghton Mifflin Company's

He once did a bit of writing himself.

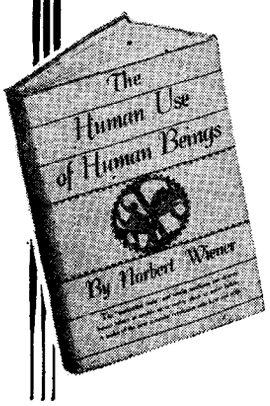
He puts on his shooting clothes to read about nature.

"I am reminded of the occasion in which Lord Halifax said to me . . ."

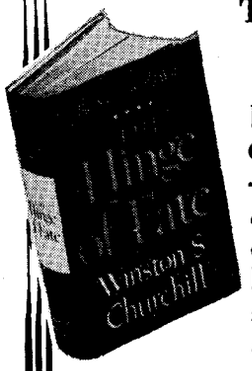
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A DRAYNE-FLETE *by Osbert Lancaster* — because he himself is delightfully spoofed in it.



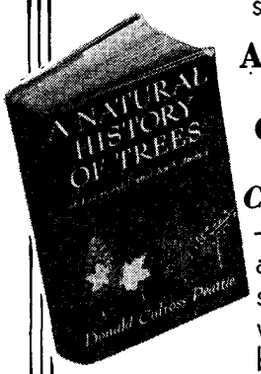
THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE *by Wallace Stegner* — because he really does know good writing.



THE HUMAN USE OF HUMAN BEINGS *by Norbert Wiener* — because he's one of the people this scientist - philosopher wants to reach.

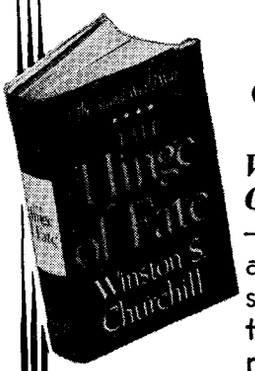


THE HINGE OF FATE *by Winston S. Churchill* — because an armchair general ought to have his facts straight — and he'll never get more facts straighter.



A NATURAL HISTORY OF TREES *by Donald Culross Peattie* —because it's a big handsome book, worthy of his best reading tweeds.

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND *by Compton Mackenzie* —because here is a man who knows what makes the world go round — good whiskey.



THE HINGE OF FATE *by Winston S. Churchill* —because it's absolutely straight from the lion's mouth.

OWEN GLEN *by Ben Ames Williams* —because he's growing acquainted with his own country through Ben Ames Williams' novels.

REUNION IN SICILY *by Jerre Mangione* —because he spends his life between Scylla and Charybdis.

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Christmas Problem

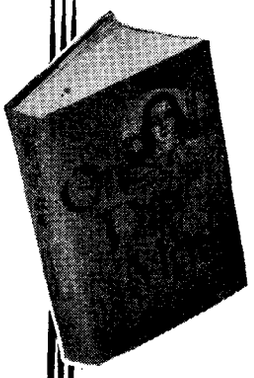
Your friends are our problems. Here they are as Osbert Lancaster* has visualized them for us. We had thought that it would help to have our problem made specific but Lancaster has not made things easier. Here are your friends (and ours), outrageous, impossible, but touching. During this last year each has been quite thoughtlessly kind to you. When your dog got in a fight, when your children had a party, when your niece needed a job, one after another, each has been deliberately, unforgiveably, generously helpful, and now it's CHRISTMAS. Well, we're trying to help.

***Author of THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A DRAYNEFLETE.**

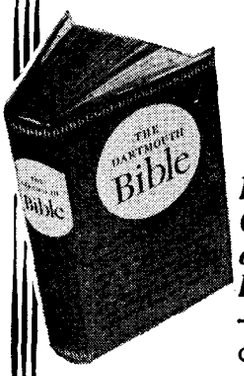
"I like to curl up with a good book if there's nothing else available."

"Books take me out of myself."

"I couldn't quite hear the question, Miss Jones."

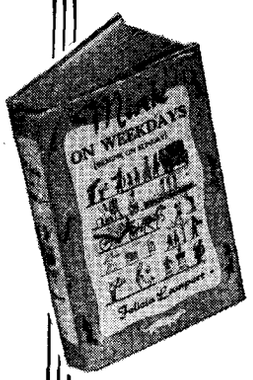


ONE DAY MORE *by John W. Vandercook* —because it's essentially a love story, as tender as it is adult.



THE DARTMOUTH BIBLE *ed. by Roy B. Chamberlin and Herman Feldman.* —because she can share it with all of her family.

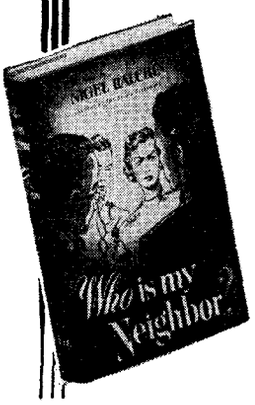
PEEP-SHOWS *Cinderella and Ali Baba* —because it's a double feature — book and theatre combined.



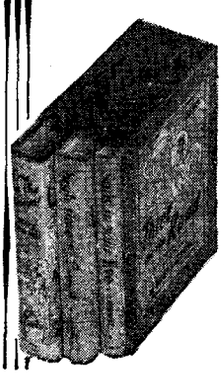
MINK ON WEEKDAYS *by Felicia Lamport* —because she's never met so much wit with so much money.

ROOM FOR ONE MORE *by Anna Perrott Rose* —because even when they're home she really loves children.

ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE *by Johnson, Scott and Sickels* —because here's a library inside one big book.



WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR? *by Nigel Balchin* —because it's a book she won't forget — without knowing exactly why.



THREE FOR THE ROAD *by Mary Lasswell* —because she likes to laugh out loud as she reads.

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Parlograms

FRACTURED FRENCH. Collected and translated by F. S. Pearson. Illustrations by R. Taylor. New York: Doubleday & Co. 96 pp. $1.50.

By Horace Sutton

IN THE first place, I could cheerfully fracture Mr. Pearson for having had the good sense to make a book out of fractured French. Not so long ago a fellow name of Hugh McKay, one of those Americans who is very nearly a Frenchman, sidled up to me with a list of French expressions freely and fancifully translated into Yankee English. They were nobody's property and they were pretty funny, so we called them parlograms, ran a list of them in *SRL*'s Booked for Travel section, and invited readers to send in their own.

Well, we couldn't have received more mail had we offered every publisher in town an autographed photograph of Lillian Ross. The parlograms came in from all over the world. We ran them in the Letters to the Editor column for a number of weeks, and they nestled after that in a fat folder in our file. That's why I could fracture Mr. Pearson. He put the parlograms between covers and the only things he'll have to file are the stubs from the royalty statements.

Parlograms or Fractured French expressions have been bandied about as a parlor game by French dilettantes for a number of years, and they have also been printed, pre-*SRL*, by Harry Bull, sometime editor of *Town & Country*. In the current, hard-cover edition Collector Pearson has included forty-four classic parlograms and had them embellished with drawings by R. Taylor, whose long-lashed, cupid-mouthed females often appear in a weekly magazine called *The New Yorker*. One of Mr. Taylor's drawings, as an example, shows a tuxedoed gentleman pouring himself a glass of water from a kitchen tap while beyond in the living room the rest of the boys are whooping it up with the real stuff. Caption in French: A la carte. Fractured French translation: on the wagon. Another shows a sketch of a sailing ship with the caption: De rigeur. Fractured French translation: two-masted schooner.

Personally, I don't feel that Mr. Taylor's sketches, much as I admire his talent, have done anything but complicate the proceedings. Nor do I think Mr. Pearson was aided by censorship, which was obviously imposed on the translations of such free French as the famous quip "*tant pis, tant mieux.*" Which brings me to another point altogether, and that is that one cannot enjoy the humor of Fractured French if his knowledge of French is too great. I bought a copy of Mr. Pearson's book (before I knew I was going to get one for nothing) for presentation to M. Max Blouet, manager of the George V Hotel in Paris. M. Blouet, a bilingual gentleman with a bilingual sense of humor, has been swapping banter with Americans ever since he opened the George V in 1929. (His own favorite tale concerns the American who always calls the hotel the "George cinq the fifth.) Blouet got all the way through page 44 of "Fractured French" without twitching a face muscle, but meanwhile an American named O'Reilly, who had never gone beyond sophomore French at the University of Pennsylvania, had been looking over his shoulder. By the time O'R. reached *Je suis furieux* (I am a furrier) he was doubled over on the floor as if he had been listening to Morey Amsterdam or something.

"Au Courant" ("Raisin Bread").

—*Illustrations from "Fractured French."*

"Louis Cinque" ("Lost at Sea").

Smites

PEOPLE NAMED SMITH. By H. Allen Smith. New York: Doubleday & Co. 255 pp. $2.75.

By Bradford Smith

FORMER Egyptian and Low Man on a Totem Pole H. Allen Smith, who, to use his own description, parts his name on the side, has now risen to eminence by becoming the chronicler of the world's most important family. Such an honor would weigh on a lesser man. It would make him ponderous, cautious, long-winded —in a word, boring. But not H. Allen. Mingling corny (not to say decayed) jokes with fascinating oddments of information and occasionally inspired turns of phrase, he has stitched together a volume that will please all but the academic. If only a tenth of the Smiths in the United States alone (there are 1,500,000 of us) buy it, H. Allen will hit the jackpot. Then there will still be the LeFevres of France, the Haddads of Syria, the Kuznetzovs of Russia, the Schmidts, and the Scotch (one of every fifty of whom is a Smith)—who will probably borrow the book, however, from a public library.

Personally, I don't know H. Allen from Adam (not Smith), yet the fact that we share the world's most distinguished patronymic makes me feel kindly toward the fellow, even though he omits me from his volume while managing to find room for a pig named Smith. (He omits Harrison Smith, too.) So potential readers should be warned that this review is biased by fraternal feeling.

The chief virtue of the book—take it from a Smith—is that it elevates the breed to its rightful position in the world. Only those who have been born Smith can know the anguish which comes in childhood with the bitter realization that being a Smith is (as the French Smiths say) *pour rire.* Only a Smith can know what self-restraint is required to keep from smiting (the original meaning of Smith by the way) the teller of corny Smith jokes. Now we have a weapon to smite with. All young Smiths who are sensitive about their names should be provided by their parents with copies of "People Named Smith." Used as a weapon to smite a would-be funny man, the book can be left beside the victim for purposes of instruction. Reading it, he will become converted to Smithism. He will learn to honor the world's most fertile clan.

He will learn, for instance, that Wellesley College might as well have

(*Continued on page* 68)

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—F. VAN WYCK MASON. $3.75

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Americana. *No era of our national past excites the interest of so many people as the Civil War. Amateurs of military strategy enjoy refighting the conflicts of battlefield and command headquarters. Students of politics love to debate the parliamentary maneuvers and electoral shenanigans that brought on the war and accompanied it to Appomatox and beyond. Idealists find the career and personality of Abraham Lincoln a never-failing source of inspiration. The politically-minded will welcome Kenneth M. Stampp's able new study of the background of the conflict, "And Then War Came." Readers of every taste will find in Henry Steele Commager's "The Blue and the Gray: The Story of the Civil War as Told by Participants" something to interest them—which makes this handsome, two-volume work especially serviceable for Yule giving. . . . And J. T. Winterich has some specialized suggestions for Americana fans.*

Warriors Between the States

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY: The Story of the Civil War as told by Participants. Edited by Henry Steele Commager. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 2 vols. 1,201 *pp.* $12.

AND THE WAR CAME. By Kenneth M. Stampp. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 331 *pp.* $4.50.

By Avery Craven

THE AMERICAN Civil War produced an enormous literature. Military officers and civil officials wrote long and detailed reports. Soldiers kept diaries and wrote letters. Prisoners of war informed friends and relatives of their situation at every opportunity and, when released, put down on paper the story of their privations and sufferings. Women described conditions at home to the men in uniform. Reporters sent copy to their papers, and when the war was over generals argued, explained, and produced their memoirs.

From this vast storehouse Henry Steele Commager has selected those items which he thinks best portray each phase of the war, arranged them in chronological order, and supplied them with short but pointed introductions. Some materials have been chosen because of color, some because of accuracy in observation, some because of their genuine literary quality. The result is a surprisingly full and complete history of the war from the vantage point of those who fought it.

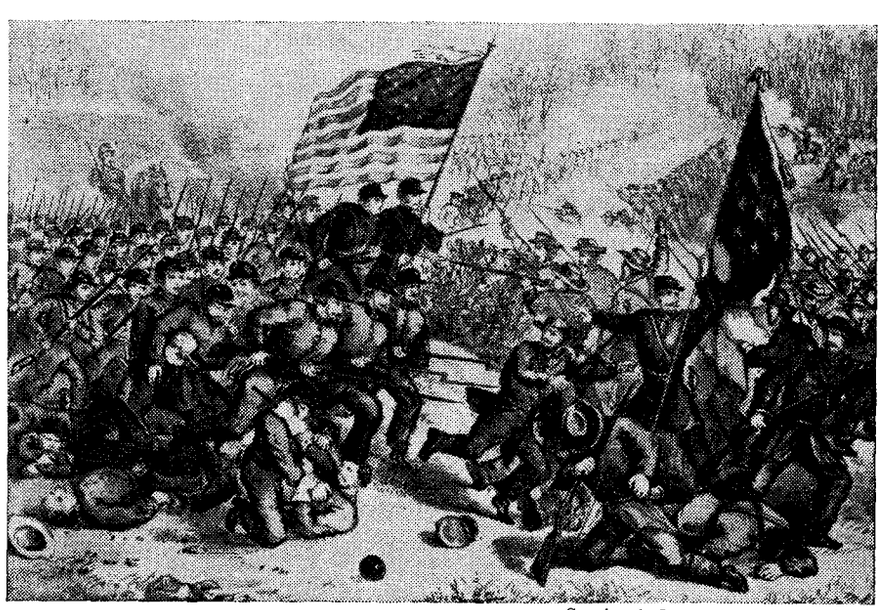
The value of such a work, of course, depends on the skill with which selections have been made. In this case the verdict must be favorable. The field has been carefully and intelligently surveyed. A good balance between Northern and Southern writers has been kept and sound judgment has been used in allotting space to the different phases of the struggle. Specialists will find few inclusions to be criticized. They will, of course, complain that some favorite "gem" has been omitted. This reviewer, for instance, cannot see how any such work is complete without Coyningham's brilliant descriptions of Sherman's march to the sea, or how an editor could leave out Lee's picture of Traveller as "a Confederate gray." But such disagreement is to be expected wherever judgments have to be made.

The work is remarkably complete. It covers every campaign and every important battle on land and sea. It reveals the soldiers' reactions to being under fire, how they lived in camp, how discipline was kept, and how the wounded were cared for. It goes behind the lines and into the prison camps. It touches diplomatic relationships. But most of all it reveals the American, who, under the stress of war, showed what 200 years of living on this continent had made of him.

The picture is one that justifies a deep national pride without sectional distinctions. Men in blue and gray fought as few human beings have ever fought, and did it for a cause. They hated the whole business. Few ever thought of turning back. They showed remarkable skill at meeting any emergency, grumbled unceasingly, and endured with patience when it seemed necessary. Somehow they always proved able to take care of themselves in a carefree kind of way and showed a largeness in regard to their foes that shamed the narrow-minded politicians.

Best of all, they kept their sense of humor and sportsmanship. As Douglas Freeman says in a foreword that is something of a masterpiece, "the most remarkable feature of the 400 and more articles reproduced . . . is the humor that runs through nearly all of them. . . ." Southerners laughed at their inferior military equipment, at their rickety wagons and their tatters and gaping shoes. Northerners saw the humor even in their outclassed generalship. No wonder that Freeman asks: "Were these men mocking death as a foe long outwitted or were they assuming a heroism they did not possess? Were they valiant or merely pretending?"

The answers make no difference. For these men died with their faces to the foe and cheered the heroic



—*Currier & Ives print from the book.*

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deeds of their enemies as they stubbornly beat them back.

It is well to let such men speak for themselves, and these bulky volumes do it better than any writer, however skilful, could do it for them.

* * *

IN THE dramatic period between the election of Lincoln and the firing on Fort Sumter, the thinking of Northern men, for the first time, caught up with realities. Before this they had talked much about nationalism, progress, and Manifest Destiny. They had made up their minds about the extension of slavery and they had persistently worked and voted for economic programs that favored their peculiar interests. They had not, however, clearly understood the profound effects which the steady advance of finance and industrial capitalism had made on their lives and what it required of them in their relation with the South. Now the secession of the Southern states and the formation of the Confederacy forced them to discover not only what they thought but what steps they were willing to take.

It is with this fascinating evolution of Northern thinking that Kenneth Stampp deals in "And the War Came," one of the most scholarly and provocative books written in this much worked-over period. He views the Civil War as a product both of social-economic rivalry and of slavery, but he insists that it was no more nor no less necessary and inevitable than any other war. It was only a question of whether Northern men were willing to pay the price necessary to secure peace.

In this case the cost would have been the dismemberment of the Union and the continuation of slavery. Some Northerners thought at first that they were willing to pay such a price. They talked of letting the South go. They played with the idea of peaceful and legal secession. As a matter of fact, they had not thought the matter through and most of them, like Seward and Lincoln, consoled themselves by thinking that there was no real danger and that Southern conservatives would soon put an end to the whole business. The way to peace was a dignified inactivity. Even the few who talked of using force thought only of dealing with individuals, not with states.

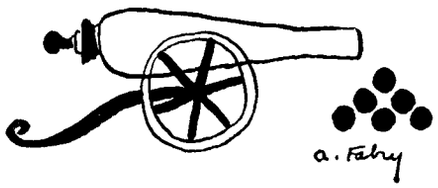
But since Southerners were proceeding steadily along their mad way and disunion was rapidly becoming a reality, tempers rose and most Northerners began to see that the choice was either submission or the use of force. That fact, however, was "too terrible to be faced head on." Somehow the naked fact had to be covered over with a bit of philosophic rationalization. The first step was to deny the possibility of legal secession; the second, to justify force only in the enforcement of law. The North must not be guilty of aggression. There must be no coercing of states as such. The National Government must limit itself to the enforcement of law and the protection of its property. Responsibility for any clash must rest on Southern men.

This was the approach which Lincoln later developed into a settled policy—a policy which permitted him to deny every Southern claim, resist every Southern move, and to appear always on the defensive. It would give him enormous strength when Southerners one day fired on Fort Sumter.

Yet even while men thought and talked this way they bitterly denounced President Buchanan for his inactivity and, in turn, praised him when he asserted national rights. Their hatred of Southerners grew apace and when compromise was attempted they refused to yield one inch. They defended their monopoly on the coastwise trade, pushed through a new protective tariff, and passed homestead legislation. They rejected every suggestion of compromise on slavery extension. They had not the slightest notion of yielding one material thing essential to their way of life even though it might be harmful to Southern interests.

Thus gradually, says Stampp, men realized that they were defending a social-economic system which required a new and stronger nationalism, and which embodied a set of middle-class values and ideals quite different from those of the English and Southern country gentlemen. Hatred of the South was justified because its people would check Manifest Destiny, hold back the cities and factories, spread slavery, and keep the Democratic Party in power. Northern efforts became a crusade to save democracy and uphold the principles of Christianity. They would also keep tariffs, build railroads, create homesteads, and bring in foreign laborers. What was patriotic was also good business. Both God and mammon would be served by saving the Union.

Avery Craven is professor of American history at the University of Chicago. His books include "The Coming of the Civil War."



Sagebrush Past

COMSTOCK BONANZA. Compiled and edited by Duncan Emrich. New York: The Vanguard Press. 362 *pp.* $3.75.

By LUCIUS BEEBE

IT IS probable that no body of legend, neither the *matière* of the Mother Lode, the heroic sagas of the earlier fur trade in the Rockies, nor even the epic of the construction of the Pacific Railroad, has ever emerged from the old American West to lay hold on the general imagination more authoritatively than has the saga of the Comstock Lode. The Virginia City Assay Office in C Street has long since fired its last button of silver from Ophir or Best & Belcher. Even the once incomparable Virginia & Truckee Railroad is now forever in the roundhouse of memories with the other bonanza railroads of yesterday. The Geiger Grade resounds no longer to the Concords of Wells Fargo but to the tooting of Saturday tourists in convertibles ("peanut brittle artists" they are known to Virginia's saloon keepers by reason of their decadent taste in comestibles).

But the legend of the Comstock is bright and untarnished. The year hasn't passed in several decades that hasn't seen at least an article in a national magazine or at best an important book concerned with some aspect of the richest of all bonanzas in the history of tangible wealth.

There is also a legend of the American West—Bernard De Voto has made note of it—that whoso drinks of its wild, sweet rivers, be it the Yellowstone, the Red, the Animas, or the Hassayampa, must someday return to them if only to die. Duncan Emrich has drunk deep of Carson Water by the margins of Empire and ghostly Brunswick Canyon, and while his person is daily within the confines of the Library of Congress, his spirit converses with the glorious past in the shadow of Sun Mountain and above the abyss of Six Mile.

The excellent and valuable anthology he has evolved in "Comstock Bonanza" is as impressive as a source book of Nevada letters as it is fascinating as a repository of the work of such Comstock notables as Sam Davis (his brother Bob was the well-remembered roving columnist of the lamented *New York Sun*) and Dan De Quille, who stands head and shoulders above any other mining-town reporter, and that includes Bret Hart and the vastly overtouted Sam Clemens. There is, in fact, around Nevada

(*Continued on page* 56)

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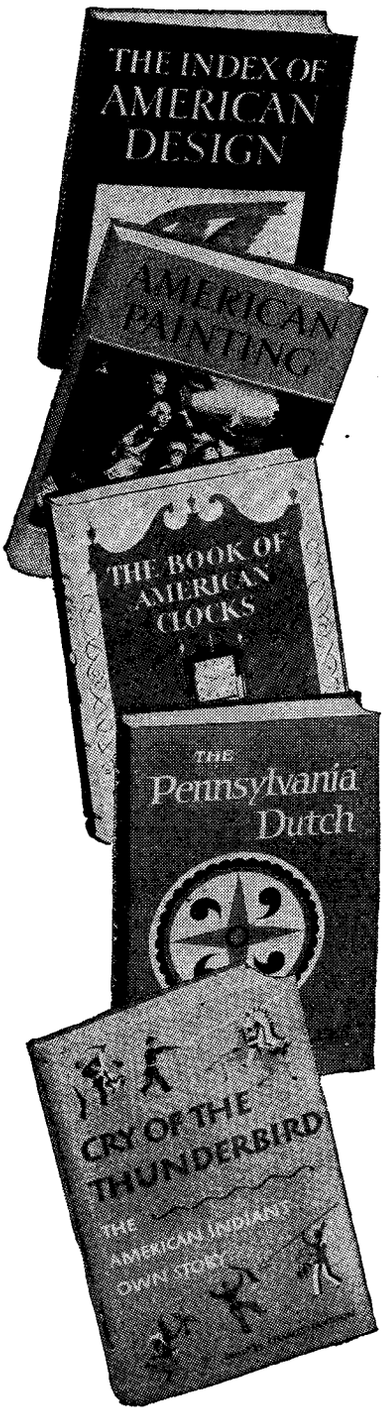
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Seeing Things

POETS AND PLAYERS

"MACBETH" and "The Lady's Not for Burning"* would, you might think, be safely beyond coupling. The one is all terror, horror, and decline; the other is all, or almost all, bounce, fooling, and gaiety. At first it might seem that the two of them have no more in common than the fact that Englishmen wrote them and wrote them in verse. In spite of the centuries and endowments separating them, Shakespeare's tragedy and Christopher Fry's comedy share, however, another feature equally obvious and equally important. Both were written for the theatre; both, in other words, were meant to be given the benefit of a production and to be spoken by actors.

What leads me to bracket two plays so dissimilar is that within a few days' time I chanced to sit before them as they were being performed in very different ways under very different circumstances. "Macbeth"† was being subjected to a recital or a reading (call it what you will) by Dr. Edith Sitwell at the Museum of Modern Art, and "The Lady's Not for Burning" was being acted in a regular theatre by such superior professionals as John Gielgud and Pamela Brown. The question raised not only by these methods of presentation but by Monroe Wheeler's introduction of Dr. Edith was whether poets or actors can do greater justice to the words of a poetic dramatist.

Mr. Wheeler, the Museum's director, told us that Dr. Edith had always dreamed of performing "Macbeth" "in one way or another." Her intention was to give a poet's conception of Shakespeare's dramatic verse. That she had had no training as an actress was, one gathered, a mark in her favor since Mr. Wheeler next proceeded to comment on the bad eloquence of actors. With a good deal of relish Mr. Wheeler told the story of how Dr. Johnson had once corrected Garrick's misreading of his lines and had further offended him by insisting "the players, Sir, have got a kind of rant, with which they run on, without any regard either to accent or emphasis." Considering what was to come, such a prelude seemed in the nature of a calculated risk.

The morning dress rehearsal of this "Macbeth," which I attended, was an experience I shall not soon forget. Although ostensibly given for the working press, the audience was composed mainly of those worshipful followers Dr. Edith and Sir Osbert Sitwell have won for themselves in New York. No incense was burned, yet the scent of it seemed to hang heavy in the air, for those who know the Sitwells love them with a love which is utter adoration.

At a few minutes past eleven Dr. Edith's three assistants trooped down the aisle and took their places at a long table to the left of the stage. These assistants included Glenway Wescott, the novelist, who also enjoyed the assumed advantage of not being a member of Equity, and Bernard Savage and Gertrude Flynn, two professionals who had their courage with them. Mr. Wescott, the recital's Macbeth, was innocent of the horned helmet, heavy armor, and kilts favored by tradition. He wore a dinner jacket. So did Mr. Savage, who served as a sort of accommodator, capable of changing without batting an eye from Banquo to the Doctor. Miss Flynn, a pretty young woman condemned to sit like Patience on a monument until she appeared as the Gentlewoman in the sleep-walking scene, wore a gray evening dress. These three helpers seated themselves behind microphones and glasses of water. And there they sat, looking for all the world as if they were engaged in a Prohibitionist production of "The Cocktail Party," until Dr. Edith made her entrance.

The entrance she made was a considerable one. Preceded by Mr. Wheeler, she moved through the darkened auditorium like a priestess approaching a pagan altar. She was tall, turbaned, and impressive, a figure deserving reverence and expecting it. It was only when she appeared under the platform's lights, pale of face, queenly, and acknowledging with upturned, swallowlike flights of her beautiful hands the applause of her devotees, that it was possible to appreciate the splendor of her singularity. It was only then, too, that the rich brocade in which she was tented could be appreciated.

SOON thereafter she sat down to the right of the stage, a personage mysterious and mighty, until with a poet's proper defiance of period details she opened a very modern black handbag, reached for a very modern handkerchief, and covered her fine but small and piercing eyes with some very modern horn-rimmed spectacles. While Mr. Wheeler was providing his

—Graphic House.

Pamela Brown and John Gielgud—"poetry gains as it leaves their lips."

**THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING, a romantic comedy by Christopher Fry. Directed by John Gielgud. Setting by Oliver Messel. Presented by Atlantis Productions (The Theatre Guild, Tennent Productions Ltd., John C. Wilson). With John Gielgud, Pamela Brown, Richard Burton, Penelope Munday, David Evans, Nora Nicholson, Richard Leech, George Howe, Eliot Makeham, Peter Bull, and Esme Percy. At the Royale Theatre, New York City. Opened November 8, 1950.*

†MACBETH, by William Shakespeare. Recital of scenes by Dr. Edith Sitwell, assisted by Glenway Wescott, Bernard Savage, and Gertrude Flynn. Presented by the Trustees of the Museum of Modern Art on November 16, 1950.

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challenging overture to the promised music, Dr. Edith occupied herself arranging the voluminous folds of her heavy brocade gown. As she sat there waiting, it was hard to tell, in the irreverent words of a neighbor of mine, whether she was covering a teapot or a telephone.

When Mr. Wheeler left the stage Dr. Edith, whose voice he had described as "the most beautiful in the world," began her recital. This consisted partly of reading scenes from "Macbeth" with the aid of her assistants and partly of Dr. Edith's own analysis of Shakespeare's poetry and meaning. No one who has read "A Poet's Notebook" or the chapters therefrom which first appeared in *The Atlantic* can question Dr. Edith's devotion to Shakespeare, her poet's insight into his technical devices, or the occasional grandeur of her own language when seeking to explain Shakespeare. No temptation to laugh, no awareness of what was pretentious to the point of freakishness in the whole proceedings, however, could quite destroy the illusion in those outfront that this extraordinary woman, who has created her own mythology, might very well be on speaking terms with the sibyls.

It seems equally certain that Shakespeare would never have recognized himself in the poet by that name she was dissecting. He might have been interested to learn that some of his words, as his tragedy progressed, were "rusty as though they had lain in the blood that had been spilt." Human vanity being what it is, he would no doubt have been touched by her dedication to him and pleased by the liturgical quality of her praise. But so overintellectualized was Dr. Edith's approach to what Shakespeare did instinctively that in all probability he would have been befuddled by her prating about "schemes of tuneless, dropping dissonances," "a thickened, darkened assonance," and his "placing of double-syllabled and treble-syllabled words and quick-moving, unaccented, one-syllabled words." My own suspicion is that such highfalutin talk would have caused Shakespeare to outlaugh Little Audrey.

Now to Dr. Edith's recital of such scenes and speeches as she had selected. A lecture is one thing, a play

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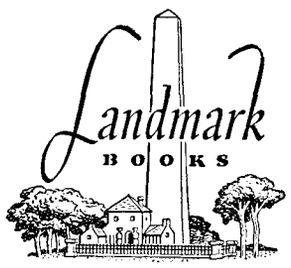

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another. The two do not mix. No drama can be expected to survive if it is cut up into canapes, and if critical comments are always interrupting the line of its action and destroying its suspense. The supposed justification of this hodge-podge treatment of Shakespeare's tragedy was, as I have hinted, to let us hear his poet's words spoken by a poet. As it turned out, this proved to be a poetic fallacy, if ever there was one. That Dr. Edith has an arresting voice, no one can deny. But that she has scant knowledge of how to use it dramatically seems equally incontestible. Reading with an ear for assonance rather than an eye for character, she succeeded chiefly in reducing Lady Macbeth to a lesson in prosody.

MOST of us when we sing hymns are apt to adopt an astral quaver, devotional and thin, which has nothing in common with our voices as we release them out of church. Dr. Edith's reading of Shakespeare was done in what I assume is her "poetry voice"—a voice quite different from the one she employed on her own text. It was all boom and incantation, less designed for dialogue than for a Gregorian chant. Oddly enough, it was lacking in any emphasis except a maintained and indiscriminate overemphasis. Even at the fearful moments of the planning and carrying out of Duncan's murder it refused to subside into a whisper. Throughout the morning Dr. Edith was so anxious to do justice to all the technical subtleties of Shakespeare's verse that she ended by doing dramatic justice to none. The truth is she followed vocally the course of the cargo ship in "Mister Roberts," and made trips from Tedium to Monotony and back again.

Mr. Wescott, who has a deep and agreeable voice even if his "r's" are resolutely loyal to Kewaskum, Wis., stood up from time to time to read Macbeth with manifest affection, and no doubt commendably enough by classroom standards. I know, however, I was grateful (and I do not think I was alone) whenever Mr. Savage spoke as only a trained actor can. I know, too, that I could have cheered when at overlong last Miss Flynn was given a chance to speak, and spoke admirably, the lines of the Gentlewoman. I would never have believed that so insignificant a part could become the stellar role in "Macbeth." Yet this is precisely what happened during Dr. Edith's "recital," and must be taken as the measure of its failure.

Granting that "The Lady's Not for Burning" is as different from "Macbeth" as teatime is from midnight, the sheer relief of having actors in the cast to deliver Mr. Fry's verse (in the sense of acting rather than reading it) was supreme. Since the time of Plato's "Ion," if not before, actors have occupied a dubious position in the hierarchy of artists. Many critics have been unwilling to admit them to the ranks of true creators inasmuch as, since they usually speak lines written by someone else, they are interpreters of an interpreter. This is often held to give them a secondary status. However, Dr. Edith's recital, in which

(*Continued on page* 68)

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SRL Reader Poll

FROM THE SUBSCRIBING SANTAS

A SELECT Christmas list of "particularly enjoyable" books, records, and movies for discriminating shoppers this holiday season emerged from the latest nationwide poll of *SRL* subscribers.

Books

The following twenty-four candidates for a place beneath the Yuletide tree were nominated by *SRL*'s readers in response to a question on what new or old books they had recently read with especial enjoyment:

1. "The Wall," by John Hersey
2. "The Little World of Don Camillo," by Giovanni Guareschi
3. "Cry, the Beloved Country," by Alan Paton
4. "The Mature Mind," by H. A. Overstreet
5. "The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary
6. "Across the River and Into the Trees," by Ernest Hemingway
7. "Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl
8. "John Adams and the American Revolution," by Catherine Drinker Bowen
9. "The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.
10. "The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari
11. "Jubilee Trail," by Gwen Bristow
12. "Nineteen Eighty-four," by George Orwell
13. "The Peabody Sisters of Salem," by Louise Hall Tharp
14. "Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute
15. "The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson
16. "Courtroom," by Quentin Reynolds
17. "The God That Failed," edited by Richard Crossman
18. "The Big Sky," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.
19. "Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis
20. "Nuts in May," by Cornelia Otis Skinner
21. "Point of No Return," by J. P. Marquand
22. "Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," by Tennessee Williams
23. "This I Remember," by Eleanor Roosevelt
24. "Two Adolescents," by Alberto Moravia

Current titles were not alone in winning the favor of those answering the poll. *SRL* readers also gave a top enjoyment rating to these books from their recent reading:

1. "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin"
2. "The Adventures of Joseph Andrews," by Henry Fielding
3. "Anna Karenina," by Leo Tolstoy
4. "War and Peace," by Leo Tolstoy
5. "Brothers Karamazov," by Fyodor Dostoievsky
6. "Diary of a Writer," by Fyodor Dostoievsky
7. "Sentimental Journey," by Lawrence Sterne
8. "Caesar and Cleopatra," by George Bernard Shaw
9. "Captain's Daughter," by Leo Pushkin
10. "Last Chronicle of Barsetshire," by Anthony Trollope
11. "Family Parsonage," by Anthony Trollope
12. "Orley Farm," by Anthony Trollope
13. "The Warden," by Anthony Trollope
14. "Decameron," by Giovanni Boccaccio
15. "Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius"
16. "Darkness at Noon," by Arthur Koestler
17. "Death in the Afternoon," by Ernest Hemingway
18. "Farewell to Arms," by Ernest Hemingway
19. "De Profundis," by Oscar Wilde
20. "Dr. Faustus," by Thomas Mann
21. "Magic Mountain," by Thomas Mann
22. "Discourses," by Epipistitus
23. "Essays of Montaigne"
24. "Vanity Fair," by Henry Makepeace Thackeray
25. "Fathers & Sons," by Ivan Sergeivich Turgeniev
26. "Forsythe Saga," by John Galsworthy
27. "Of Human Bondage," by W. Somerset Maugham
28. "Portrait of the Artist," by James Joyce

Records

For music lovers *SRL* respondents reported they had received the greatest quotient of listening pleasure from the following recently purchased records:

1. "The Well-Tempered Clavier," by Wanda Landowska (RCA Victor)
2. Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, performed under the baton of either Arturo Toscanini (Victor) or Bruno Walter (Columbia)
3. Beethoven's Symphony No. 5, performed either under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky (RCA Victor) or Arturo Toscanini (RCA Victor)
4. "South Pacific," sung by Ezio Pinza, Mary Martin, and the original cast (Columbia)
5. "La Vie en Rose," sung by Edith Piaf (Columbia)
6. Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," performed under the baton of Ernest Ansermet (London) or Leopold Stokowski (RCA Victor)

Also given top ratings were various recent recordings of Puccini's operas and the albums "I Can Hear It Now," by Edward Murrow (Columbia), and "The Cocktail Party," readings from the play (Decca).

Films

Between now and the holidays, or, whenever they come to town, *SRL*'s readers recommend these motion pictures as especially worth seeing:

1. "Sunset Boulevard"
2. "The Third Man"
3. "Red Shoes"
4. "Father of the Bride"
5. "Panic in the Streets"
6. "The White Tower"
7. "The Bicycle Thief"
8. "The Fallen Idol"
9. "Hamlet"
10. "Kind Hearts and Coronets"
11. "Tight Little Island"
12. "The Winslow Boy"

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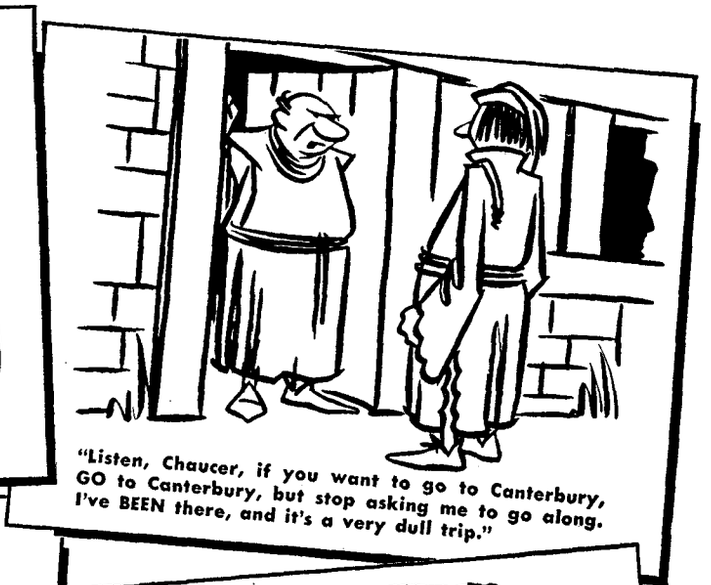
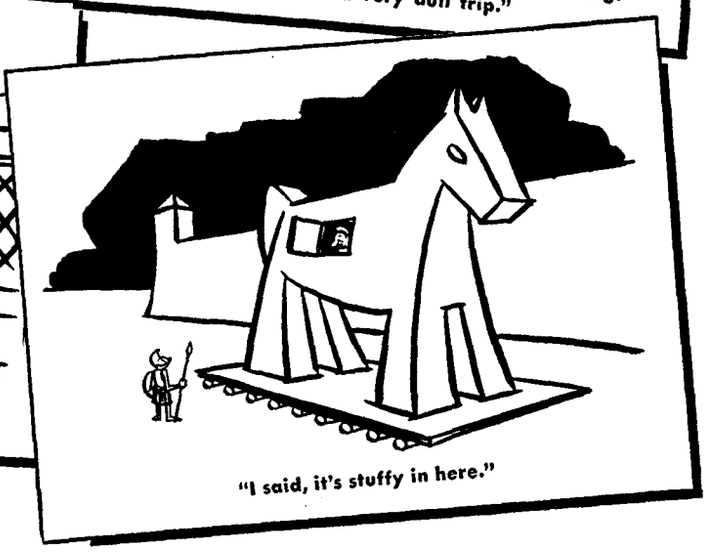


"Listen, Chaucer, if you want to go to Canterbury, GO to Canterbury, but stop asking me to go along. I've BEEN there, and it's a very dull trip."



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SRL Goes to the Movies

A PETTY BOURGEOIS TART REVIVED

Marlene Dietrich — "a new incarnation of sex."

"THE BLUE ANGEL"* has become a legend, and as such is likely to surprise even those who now see it for the first time. There will be many of these, for, contrary to general belief, the picture was neither successful nor widely shown in this country. Made in Berlin in 1929, it was withheld from release here until Marlene Dietrich's first American film, "Morocco" (1930), had been shown. "Morocco" created a sensation, and audiences were eager to see Marlene Dietrich in the picture for which she had been "discovered." "The Blue Angel" bored them, largely because the dialogue was incomprehensible. Josef von Sternberg had shot an English version simultaneously with the German, but the thick accents of Emil Jannings and Dietrich baffled their hearers. In most U.S. cities where it was shown early in 1931 "The Blue Angel" ran only a few days of its scheduled week. Fortunately, the print now being shown is the original German version, with adequate English titles.

The international success the film achieved elsewhere was due not only to Dietrich but also to the character created for her—in film historian Siegfried Kracauer's words, "Lola Lola, a new incarnation of sex. This petty bourgeois tart, with her provocative legs and easy manners, showed an impassivity which incited one to grope for the secret behind her callous egoism and cool insolence. That such a secret existed was also intimated by her veiled voice, which, when she sang about her interest in love-making and nothing else, vibrated with nostalgic reminiscences and smoldering hopes." The impassivity *couldn't* subside in Miss Dietrich's succeeding American films, and what was behind it had to be concealed still further, because our domestic censorship would have balked at the presentation of a "petty bourgeois tart" from Berlin or anywhere else. So she was glamorized into that woman without a country, the *femme fatale*, whose sins are romantic rather than venal, and became more cryptic and stylized until, in her last films under Von Sternberg's direction, she was little more than a talking doll. She might have gone on being a sphinx without a secret forever, had not comedy accidentally rescued her and revealed her best talents. Here we see the real woman before she had been transformed into the puppet, and a shock she will be to some, this plump fraulein. But her reality gives off magnetism in waves, and her famous song, so innocuously translated into English as "Falling in Love Again," knows all there is to know and says it pretty plainly.

ASIDE from getting acquainted with the original Dietrich, it is hard to decide what the lay public will make of this heavy, skilful drama of a type once popularized by Jannings but now long forgotten. "The Blue Angel" is important in film history because in the first year of sound, when the rest of the world was photographing stage plays, it vigorously resumed the traditions of the silent screen: Sternberg restored the camera's mobility, reduced dialogue to a subsidiary narrative function (the English titles on the present print are hardly necessary), and in his imaginative use of natural sound was ahead not only of his time but, alas, our own. The film is one of the best examples of his impressive if limited talent. The pictorialism which eventually smothered the story values of his later films is here used for a dramatic purpose: to depict a middle-class society in full disintegration. In this portrait of a middle-aged professor led to his downfall by a cafe entertainer objects, buildings, and landscapes take on a life of their own; everything visible and audible accentuates the theme of

* *THE BLUE ANGEL. Screen play by Karl Zuckmayer, Karl Volmoller, and Robert Liebman, based on the novel "Professor Unrath," by Heinrich Mann. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. Produced by Erich Pommer for Ufa. With Emil Jannings, Marlene Dietrich, Kurt Gerron, Rosa Valletti, Hans Albers.*

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the helpless and fatal pursuit of pleasure, the draining away of all social values. As Dr. Kracauer says, Lola Lola destroys "not only Jannings himself but his entire environment. A running motif in the film is the old church clock which chimes a popular German tune devoted to the praise of loyalty and honesty (*Ub' immer Treu und Redlichkeit*)—a tune expressive of Jannings's inherited beliefs. In the concluding passage, immediately after Lola Lola's song has faded away, this tune is heard for the last time as the camera shows the dead Jannings. Lola Lola has killed him, and in addition her song has defeated the chimes."

As popular entertainment "The Blue Angel" is out of fashion, but I recommend it as a document for the inspection of anyone interested in the fate of Europe, and particularly to intellectuals given to indiscriminate praise of the esthetic virtues of European films without regard to what they actually say. If we had looked harder at "The Blue Angel" in 1931, we might have had some glimpse of Berlin's future. It is not customary to approach the movies in this spirit, but it might be wise.

A film version of "The Mill on the Po" arrived here shortly after the American publication of this much-discussed Italian novel. The film has evidently compressed the novel rather considerably. This was probably necessary and has been done honestly, but it leaves both narrative and characterization somewhat at sea. The film is essentially about a nineteenth-century attempt to organize a union among farm laborers who are cruelly exploited by the owners of their land; the principal obstacle to this being the opposition of a family of millers.

—Richard Griffith.

SRL Recommends

The Blue Angel: Reviewed in this issue.

King Solomon's Mines: The magnificently photographed jungles and wild animals of Africa serve as background for an exciting adventure story.

Cyrano de Bergerac: The great stage classic has been infused with new vitality in an almost perfect transference to the screen.

Mad Wednesday: Harold Lloyd comes back in a film so funny that you will be in danger of hurting yourself with belly laughs.

All About Eve: Witty, adult satire on the theatre; richly produced, well acted. Should not be missed.

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Through a glass, but not too darkly, we can see the climacteric of the great struggle between the two titans of tinted television, RCA and CBS. Three calm, black-robed justices, in paneled chambers in Chicago, are pondering RCA's complaint that the Federal Communications Commission's choice of CBS's color system is "illegal, void, and beyond the power, authority, and jurisdiction of the Commission."

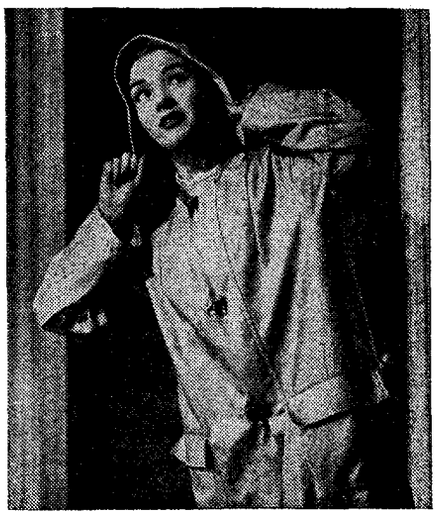
Their decision may eventually be reviewed by the United States Supreme Court. It may be six months, perhaps more, before a final ruling is handed down and the public learns which of the two rival color systems it will have to pay for in TV. The courts will rule solely on constitutional considerations.

The basic issues for the public seem to be "compatibility" and "convertibility." The words are shorthand for video's billion-dollar question: what happens to the ten million or so present owners of black-and-white sets who are holding TV's color bag?

If you have a TV set now, and the CBS system is ultimately adopted, and you wish, in the future, to receive CBS color programs in black and white, you will have to buy an "adapter." If you wish to receive the color programs in color, you will also have to buy a "converter." If the RCA system is adopted, you could receive RCA color programs in black and white without buying any gadget at all, because it is compatible, but if you wanted to receive them in color, your present set would either have to be "converted"—or you would have to go out and buy a new, all-color set. While RCA compatibility between color and black-and-white reception has been virtually perfected, the problem of converting a set from black-and-white reception to color has yet to be satisfactorily worked out.

All TV programs will ultimately be broadcast and received in color, under one system or another. And under the available RCA and CBS systems you will have to pay your way through the inevitable transition period, if you own a TV set today or buy one before the current deadlock is resolved.

The big questions for RCA and CBS,



"Miss Color Television" — "the glamour dolls will come busting out of the necklines in color."

for the set manufacturers, and for all broadcasters are: who will get first chance to pay off the huge investments made in pioneering and developing TV color; and who will win the lion's share of the great profits that lie ahead in patent rights—$150,000,000 are at stake in royalties alone—in the production of sets, and in the sale of program time to sponsors. The individual consumer is merely a spectator. He can only hope that he will get the best system at the lowest cost. The FCC believes that CBS color is ready to go and that the change-over to color TV had better come now, while there are only ten million sets that will have to be modified, rather than wait until more millions of set owners face this costly problem.

You will not be disappointed in CBS's color if the courts uphold the FCC. The reports about its pleasing qualities are correct. CBS color is softer and generally truer than movie technicolor. The pastel shades, oddly, come through even more faithfully than the primary colors.

RCA has promised to unveil its latest achievements in color TV in Washington, D. C., on December 5. The RCA engineers can wipe out the present CBS lead and throw the race between the two systems wide open again, if they do two things: one—demonstrate that they have eliminated the "bugs" from their system, about which the FCC has complained; and, two—lick the problem of "convertibility" as they have overcome the challenge of "compatibility."

Color lifts the dead hand of flat

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lighting from TV's black-and-white screens. The stage sets become bright, alive, and take on a certain degree of tension. This tension relaxes, tightens, and flows like music as the colors move and change into fresh patterns.

Color will have its biggest riot, production-wise, on the commercials. There is no limit to the big splash when the aim is all-out eye appeal. TV's palette will brighten up the variety shows, where scenery and costumes are important attractions in themselves. Color is a great plus in outdoor and indoor special events, and promoters of ball games, prize fights, and horse shows are bound to see more red in their gate receipts.

TV DRAMA will gain from the psychological impact of color, but here the spectrum will have to be used with restraint. It may be overdone until the producers have had their baptismal color baths and are once again content to tell a story first and paint pretty pictures second. We must all, I fear, steel ourselves to gallons of gore—bright red and dripping—in the murder and mayhem stanzas, night after sanguinary night. All the TV glamour dolls will come busting out of their necklines in color.

News shows pose the biggest problem. The color maps will help, but what about the newsreels? They may have to be shot in color film—an expensive process, or camera and screen will show us the studio sections of the news programs in color and the film portions in black and white—hardly a satisfactory, even if technically feasible, arrangement. Old technicolor movies will enjoy a new demand. It is to be hoped that color-film cost will not cut down the growing practice of filming television programs in part or whole, for this seems to be TV's major hope of breaking out of its space and set restrictions.

The transition from black and white to color will take time. The key is the sponsor. Until there are enough sets capable of receiving color broadcasts the sponsor will not transmit his programs in color. The networks will do all or most of the color broadcasting for a long while, and the programs on a sustaining basis will probably not equal the appeal of the high-priced, big-time, commercial black-and-white shows.

Yes—TV's great paint and varnish day will be wonderful, but color, of course, can never substitute for wit, imagination, and adult, creative programming. That is a gift horse of another color, and it is still galloping somewhere over the rainbow, untamed by either RCA or CBS.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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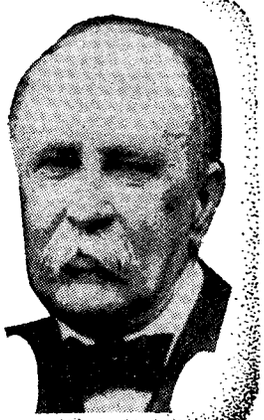

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Music to My Ears

PORTRAIT OF A COMPOSER—THE OPERA—BRIEF NOTES

DAVID DIAMOND is a composer from Rochester, New York, now thirty-five years old. His way is gentle; he is soft of speech, kind of manner. His cooking is admired from coast to coast, and when he last left Hollywood, where he was scoring a film, the regrets of the hostesses for whom he officiated followed him to Italy. In all, Diamond seems a man made for madrigals and nocturnes, in whose heart the bird should always be on the wing, while all's well with the world.

Hence when I hear such a work as his Third Symphony, which Charles Munch introduced to New York at the first visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, I am somewhat disturbed. In the words of a current radio program, is it true or false? I mean the tough flexing of the musical muscles and the strutting of the esthetic hard-guy stuff. At moments, particularly in the finely expressive adagio, there was a recognizable relation to the appealing Diamond you might meet outdoors on Fifty-seventh Street; but I never did quite catch up with the indoor Diamond. Anatomy and esthetics are not normally associated, but it is at least worth considering whether there may not be in the realm of musical rhetoric a repertory of padding that would suggest tonal muscles as another kind would fill out the shoulders. Mark Twain once deplored that for reasons of convention he could not write as funny as he might; in the light of such a piece as this Diamond symphony, I wonder if he dare not write as feelingly as he might, also for reasons of convention. It would be a pity, however, if one who could would be balked by the example of those who can't.

On the same program Munch introduced the Third Piano Concerto of Bohuslav Martinu, who wears no man's esthetic collar and is so much more the person for that reason. Despite the assertion in the program notes—"Martinu has shown no interest in producing music for a virtuoso's display of his technical ability" — this seems to me a straightforward example of nineteenth-century concerto writing, with a certain amount of personal poetry, much of it founded on folk music of Martinu's native Bohemia, a good deal of soloistic opportunity, and no little showmanship. The word "Bach-like" also appears in the annotator's comment, but I think it all much more Martinu-like. Rudolf Firkusny was the soloist, and a good one.

* * *

MOZART at the Metropolitan came in sequence to Verdi and Wagner, just before Puccini — a hopeful happening which cannot yet be called a trend. This year's first "Don Giovanni" was not greatly different from those of last year, but the small differences were all welcome ones. Ljuba Welitch and Paul Schoeffler were conspicuously less conspicuous than in the past, which is to say that they were absorbed in the Graf-directed ensemble as they had not been last year, though the conductor was again Fritz Reiner. Schoeffler was obviously more at ease, summoning gusto and lightness he had previously lacked, while sustaining with authority the line and artistry of his singing. The Welitch voice was better modulated to the needs of the music, her singing retaining its dramatic power while adding something of lyricism ("Non mi dir" is still a trial for her). However, as long as she chooses to dress the part with her own flaming red hair, we shall think of her not more as Donna Anna than as Donna Henna.

At the first performance Nadine Conner's illness gave an opportunity to young Roberta Peters to make an uncommonly assured and qualified debut as Zerlina. Musically, her aptitude is amazing and her light voice is beautifully placed, easily produced, without a sign of strain. Add to this a real dramatic flair (for Zerlina, at least) and the promise of Miss Peters is plain. Eugene Conley sang a stylish Ottavio, Hugh Thompson has made the part of Masetto very much his own, and Leporello, which has been Salvatore Baccaloni's own so long that many opera-goers cannot recall another, is due for a fresh treatment. The sands of time are, plainly, running out for him vocally.

Eleanor Steber had a rare spell of

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poor voice at the first "Giovanni," but she was measurably better for the second, three nights later. (Miss Conner, too, had made a remarkable recovery, creditable either to medical science or the headlines for Miss Peters). Paolo Silveri was the Don, in his debut, and a live, interesting figure if vocally somewhat nondescript. That is, the *parlando* recitative was given with spirit and suitable inflection, but the few opportunities for sustained singing the part offers did not stand out as they should. However, he knows his way both around the stage and this opera; future assignments will tell better how much talent he has to go with his knowledge. Reiner's direction of "Giovanni" No. 2 was more supple and spirited than for No. 1, but the casts in both could have flown higher with a little more motor power applied at the conductor's desk.

That power, incidentally, was provided in generous measure by Fausto Cleva, who returned after seven or eight years of non-Metropolitan activity to conduct a "Manon Lescaut" of excellent form, vitality, and musical justice. It is years since a Puccini opera at the Metropolitan has seemed less a thing of shreds and patches, for which Cleva's adroit gathering of musical seams, his sensitive feeling for detail were certainly responsible. Dorothy Kirsten's Manon remains a part for which she has a real affinity, a better emotional comprehension than most other things; and Richard Tucker's Des Grieux is vocal manna, to the manor born.

* * *

In brief: At extremes of decibels, but closely related by the art force expended, were the heavenly quiet of the "Virtuosi di Roma," a group of sixteen splendid Italian instruments now on tour here under the direction of Renato Fasano, and the boisterous resolution of Darius Milhaud's "Les Choéphores" and Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole" as given by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony and vocal associates under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos. Anything, really, but "virtuoso" was the playing of the fine string group in a generous program of Vivaldi, Paisiello, and Pergolesi; they are as much an expression of the best in a national culture as the English Singers of blessed memory. They should be heard soon and often. Even for one to whom Milhaud's score was more impressive than lovable, the Mitropoulos performance was a miracle of organization, while the subtleties of Ravel (with Frances Greer a lively Concepción) came off like dust from a butterfly's wing.

—Irving Kolodin.

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AMERICANA

(*Continued from page 40*)

a belief that the report of Mark Twain's importance has been grossly exaggerated.

Dr. Emrich makes the point in his foreword that the true humorists of the Nevada bonanzas, such as the irreplaceable Joe Goodman, James Gally—an extremely rare item and Dr. Emrich's pet discovery—, Davis, and De Quille, never poked fun at the characters in their stories; they had and enjoyed the fun with them. Considering the robust times in which they flourished, when physical humor was sometimes of an actually lethal nature and the frontier was a blaze of personal feuds and hatreds, these men were humane in their letters to the point of chivalry and only make Mark Twain's more or less repudiated Nevada humor the cruder by comparison. *The Territorial Enterprise*, for which most of these men wrote at one time or another, was not always Chesterfieldian but it was very seldom unkind.

All alike bear witness in this anthology that never in the record of the bonanzas of the West was there anything even comparable with the Comstock. The Mother Lode was perhaps as violent. Tombstone was somewhat deadlier. The White Pine "excitements" were more concentrated. Goldfield and Rawhide were more professionally press-agented. But never was there anywhere amidst surroundings of the quintessential desert such a cosmopolis of affluence, sophistication, and compelling hold upon all who encountered it as Virginia City.

At risk of quoting the dust-jacket, "Comstock Bonanza" is indeed an indispensable item to every collector of Western Americana. It is a rich and satisfying parade of literary performers from the sagebrush past. Dr. Emrich has struck, monumented, and recorded a claim that has proven in assay to be an authentic bonanza, as wealthy in its way as those which made old John Mackay the richest man in the Western world and reared the palaces of the Silver Kings on Nob Hill and in the rue Tilsit. All students of the American West should be in his debt.

This review was written in the one-time home in Virginia City's Union Street of John Piper, now the property of Lucius Beebe and his collaborator, Charles Clegg. Those of Dr. Emrich's authors who lasted into the Comstock's richest years in the middle Seventies may well have been familiar with the premises.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT THE WEATHER

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., presents twenty quotations with blank spaces to be filled in with the weather terms listed on the right. Allowing five points for each correct choice, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 62.

1. Through the sharp air a flaky ..... flies ( ) Breeze
2. Announced by all the trumpets of the sky, Arrives the ..... ( ) Clouds
3. At every ..... the dead leaves fall. ( ) Fog
4. The goodwill of the ..... that loves all leaves. ( ) Frost
5. The ..... consign their treasures to the fields. ( ) Gale
6. I bring fresh ..... for the thirsting flowers. ( ) Gust
7. The ..... of Nature stirring in his soul. ( ) Hail
8. The ..... is dispelled when a woman appears. ( ) Lightning
9. The yellow ..... came creeping down. ( ) Mist
10. Gracious as ....., sweet as dew. ( ) Rain
11. Some hidden ..... in the stores of heaven. ( ) Showers
12. Unless God send his ..... or blinding fire-balls. ( ) Sleet
13. Iron ..... of arrowy shower Hurtles in the darken'd air. ( ) Snow
14. The bitter ..... makes not thy victory vain. ( ) Storm
15. Soft is the strain when ..... gently blows. ( ) Sunshine
16. Nor heed the ..... that howls along the sky. ( ) Tempests
17. Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal ..... ( ) Thunder
18. No ..... that blew dismayed her crew. ( ) Torrent
19. Where ..... never beat nor billows roar. ( ) Wind
20. But executes a freeman's will, As ..... does the will of God ( ) Zephyr

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Americana Notes

JOURNALS AND JOURNEYMEN: A Contribution to the History of Early American Newspapers, by Clarence S. Brigham. University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.50. This little book, embracing the 1948 Rosenbach Fellowship lectures, is the engaging by-product of a lifetime of research which bore magnificent fruit in 1947 in Mr. Brigham's monumental "History and Bibliography of American Newspapers, 1690-1820." "Journals and Journeymen" is compact, meaty, and most enjoyable as well as most informative reading. Mr. Brigham has raised a fine crop of flowers in a tiny plot of garden. For instance, in discussing the time lag in news—a lag that might extend to months in the case of a sovereign's death or a treaty's signing—he offers a table of the dates of newspaper printings of the Declaration of Independence in 1776. One Philadelphia paper broke the story on July 6, one on the 8th, one on the 9th (on which day Baltimore readers also learned about it). Two more Philadelphia papers came through on the 10th, and another (the *Ledger*, no less) on the 13th. New Yorkers were informed on the 10th and 11th, and so on down to the Boston *Gazette*, last on a list of twenty-nine papers, which wound up the procession on July 22. The list, never before compiled, includes every American newspaper published in July 1776 except the *Germantowner Zeitung*, no issues of which are known for that month. Just how much effort, physical effort included, was involved in assembling this bit of data, here presented in a brief tabulation and a couple of hundred words of comment?

THE LEGACY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, by Otto Schoenrich. Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif. 2 vols. $25. This imposing work embraces, according to its subtitle, "the historic litigations involving [Columbus's] discoveries, his will, his family, and his descendants," which comprise "three centuries of disputes, lawsuits, struggles for rewards and inheritances, frauds by the Admiral of Aragon and others, spoilations by Sir Francis Drake and others, claims of illegitimates and black sheep, resulting from the discovery of America." Himself a lawyer and an authority on Latin-American law and history by virtue of training, long residence, official connection, and a fluent familiarity with the languages, Dr. Schoenrich has brought to his task the zest of the true aficionado as well as the judgment of the experienced jurist. The marvel is that, skilled as he is,

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he has been able to trace the story of the discoverer's heirs through the litigous tangle of a dozen generations. It was a two-front war, that litigation—against Spain and against the members of the family—and it involved all the complexities and fencing of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce. Judge Schoenrich believes that some good came of it at last—a radical change in the operation of civil machinery, culminating in the Spanish Law of Civil Procedure of 1855, superseded by the law of 1881. This latter he describes as "still notoriously cumbersome and in crying need of revision and simplification," but representing "an enormous improvement over the ancient system." Columbus appears to have discovered something more than America.

ISLANDS OF CALIFORNIA: Their History, Romance, and Physical Characteristics, by Duncan Gleason. Sea Publications, Inc., 844 Wall St., Los Angeles. $3.50. The Sierras do not stop at the waterline; they run right out into the Pacific, and some twenty peaks jut above the surface and are called the Channel Islands. Best known among them is the largest, Santa Catalina, discovered by Cabrillo in 1542 and taken over by William Wrigley, Jr., in 1919. The others—Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, San Nicolas, and the rest—are known mainly to boating enthusiasts (who are warned to keep away from San Miguel, which the Navy uses as a bombing range). And far to the north, out beyond the Golden Gate, lie the Farallones, discovered by Ferrolo in 1543, after Cabrillo's death on yet-unbombed San Miguel. Mr. Gleason's short account is illustrated by charts, photographs, and several of his own spirited drawings.

FRIENDLY ANECDOTES, collected and arranged by Irvin C. Poley and Ruth Verlenden Poley, with an introduction by Dorthy Canfield Fisher. Harper. $1.50. Quakers are aware not only of the virtue of silence but also of the virtue of breaking it, provided it be broken to good purpose and with deftness and succinctness. These are Quaker stories, gathered by Quakers for Quakers and anybody else. The results amply justify the effort involved. Here are a few examples, condensed, but not much:

A deaf old Quaker used a tin ear trumpet. Some ill-bred youths roared improper language into it. The Quaker walked over to the village pump and washed out the trumpet.

One night a Quaker heard a burglar in his room. The Quaker seized a pistol and said, "Friend, I wish thee would move to one side. I am about to shoot where thee is standing."

A Philadelphia rabbi was asked if he realized that some of his people were becoming Quakers. "Oh, yes," he answered. "Some of my best Jews are Friends."

SPOKANE STORY, by Lucile F. Fargo. Columbia University Press. $3.75. This account of the life and culture of Spokane from fur-trade days to the era of Henry J. Kaiser,

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FOGGY, FOGGY DEATH *Richard & Frances Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Fog, ice, and murder close in on Westchester County aristocrats and surprising guests. Captain Heimrich inches his way through mists of tangled human plans and passions.	Admirably literate and logical; Heimrich's habit of closed-eyed omniscience slightly irritating but plot, like good orchestration, has no false notes.	Top performance
MURDER CHARGE *Wade Miller* (Farrar, Straus: $2.50)	Are the gangsters moving in on San Diego? When advance man Blue is shot, police inveigle private-eye Thursday into risky impersonation to find perilous answers.	Interesting lowdown on civic corruption and gangster habits; well-written leader of hard-boiled school with suspense at high temperature.	Good job
THE LITERATURE OF CRIME *Edited by Ellery Queen* (Little, Brown: $3.50)	Whatever the psychological reason — apparently most writers dip into crime now and then as these twenty-six stories by non-mystery writers (including Nobel Faulkner) prove.	Excellent editorial selection; this is writing — not writing down. Personal favorite: Somerset Maugham item.	Recommended Christmas gift

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Eric Johnston, and Bing Crosby (Spokanians all) is told in terms of "characteristic people . . . picked here and there because of their indigenous quality." As a result the book takes on a sense of movement that would be more difficult to achieve in an out-and-out community history, but the community history is here just the same, visible and followable without the guiding thread of strict chronology. Spokane had a woman's club, the Columbia Maternal Association, in 1838—the General Federation of Women's Clubs reports only one organization ahead of it, in point of time, in the whole country — and women have had an unusually prominent share in the city's development.

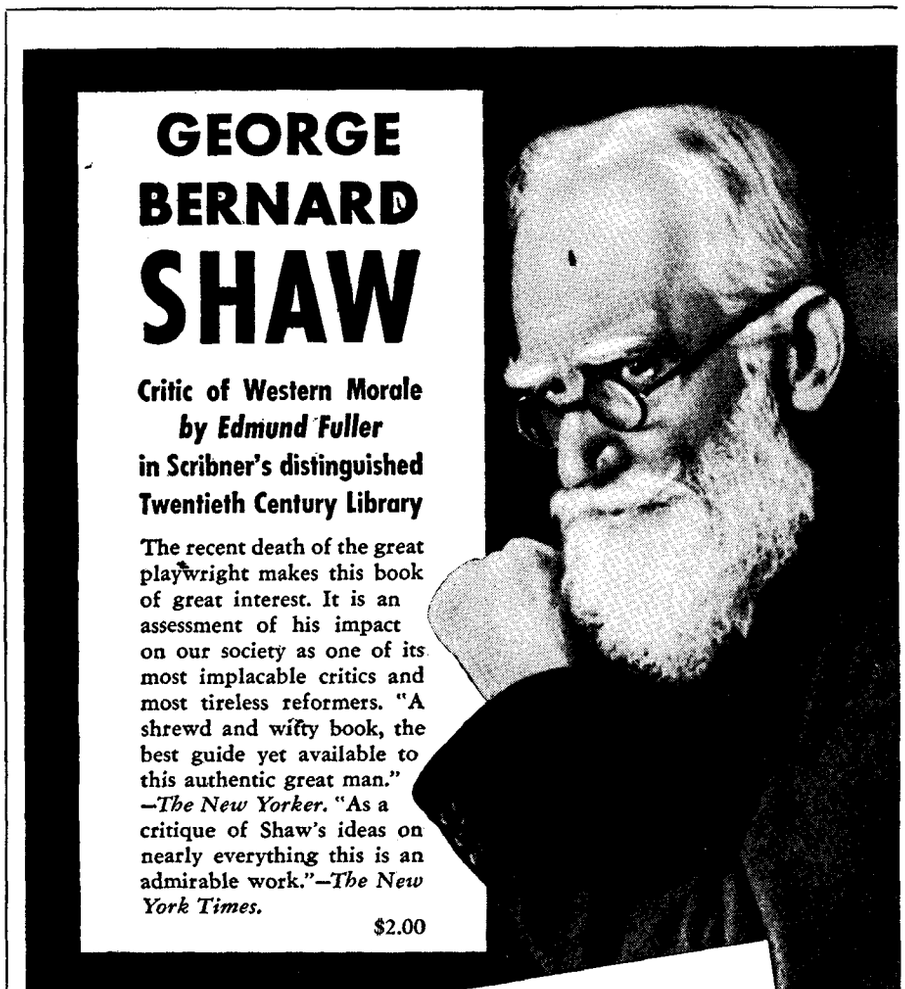
There is a ten-page bibliography which has what every reference bibliography should have—a brief note on the scope, utility, and value of each item cited.

THE PEACEMAKER AND ITS RIVALS: An Account of the Single Action Colt, by John E. Parsons. Morrow. $4. The six-gun stuck in Junior's Hopalong Cassidy belt is almost certainly a clumsy replica of the original Colt Peacemaker, a weapon to which Mr. Parsons here pays devoted homage supported by a thorough familiarity with its evolution and with the important part it has played in American history.

In addition, the Peacemaker was known as thumb-buster, plowhandle, hog-leg, and equalizer. Since the guns were numbered serially, we can tell just how many have been manufactured—357,859 as Mr. Parsons went to press. Biggest production year was 1902—18,000. The Peacemaker dates from 1874, and Hollywood therefore errs in placing it in the hands of returning Civil War veterans (but this will probably go right on). Made-to-order handles of oak, maple, ebony, rosewood, sycamore, buffalo-horn, ivory, and mother-of-pearl have been supplied, and the carved designs thereon have included every possibility from the head of a Texas steer to the Goddess of Love. Mr. Parsons's intensive, highly specialized study has the bang of authenticity. It is lavishly illustrated, including the end papers, which are devoted to early advertisements of the "new model army metallic cartridge revolving pistol." "Peacemaker" was a shorter and more apt name.

JESUIT RELATIONS AND OTHER AMERICANA IN THE LIBRARY OF JAMES F. BELL: A Catalogue, compiled by Frank K. Walter and Virginia Doneghy. University of Minnesota Press. $25. A library, however valuable and important its units, is worthless as a collection unless it reflects a clear-cut worthy purpose. Mr. Bell's is such a library. Its foundation stones are bedrock Americana (voyages, explorations, discoveries); its superstructure consists of the fundamental narratives of the Upper Mississippi, the Western Great Lakes region, and the Hudson Bay area. Bulking largest in it is the series of "Relations" which the Jesuit missionaries sent back to France annually from 1632 to 1672. These "Relations" were designed for popular reading, and they accomplished their purpose so effectively that the acquisition of anything approaching a complete set has become one of the all-but-impossible goals of bibliophilic endeavor. Mr. Bell's collection lacks only four of the forty-one required. A considerable bibliographic literature of the "Relations" already exists, but the present study is an essential addition to it by virtue of its detailed internal study of these fugitive, ill-printed little "Westerns" of the earliest day. Actually the description of the "Relations" occupies less than half of this noble monument to a noble collection, which deserves a high place on the roster of studies that have made 1950 a vintage year in bibliographical research and presentation.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.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BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 26*)

killed on November 4, 1918, and Rex Whistler on July 18, 1944. Is it any wonder that, as he takes us out of his gallery of portraits, Sir Osbert speaks with a brooding bitterness of the government of a world which, when beauty is so rare, cannot find a way out of the wilderness of waste in which no man desires to dwell?

Belles-Lettres Notes

THE LAST ROMANTICS, by Graham Hough. Macmillan. $3. Of himself and his literary generation Yeats wrote:

We were the last romantics—chose for theme
Traditional sanctity and loveliness.

These are the writers whom Professor Hough treats in a half dozen long, related essays: Ruskin, Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, William Morris, Pater, the *Fin-de-Siècle* (especially Whistler and Wilde), and finally Yeats. Although he presents no startlingly bright ideas that will cause a flutter in the literary dovecots, his reinterpretations and revaluations are extremely sound and persuasive. He takes a whole view of the writers he deals with, seeing their ideas and writings against their total body of work and in their particular cultural climate. The last romantics were distinguished from other groups, including the first, by their interest in other arts; and we are given the effect of architecture on Ruskin and Morris (leading to their political-social views), and of painting on Rossetti (the only important poet-painter besides Blake). We are given the influence of the French symbolist poetic and poetry on English writers of the Nineties, including Yeats, who was—appropriately—the culmination of the last romantic movement, for he started in the "fleshly school" of the P. R. Brotherhood and ended with his head in the clouds of a private cosmos. As a whole, Professor Hough's book shows a range of knowledge, a catholicity of sympathy, and an urbanity of style superior to the general run of literary studies appearing these days. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

WHITTIER ON WRITERS AND WRITING, edited by Edwin Harrison Cady and Harry Hayden Clark. Syracuse University Press. $3. The life-span of John Greenleaf Whittier (poet, politician, abolitionist) covered most of the nineteenth century, and he played his

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part in American letters as editor and contributor to periodicals like the New England *Weekly Review*, the *Essex Gazette*, the *American Manufacturer*, and the *National Era*. Whittier's Quaker upbringing and his boyhood farm years conditioned his literary tone with strident religiosity and fervent simplicity. This volume of the uncollected critical writings of Whittier, with an inclusive check list of his critical writings and a discerning introduction by E. H. Cady, illustrates his critical slant. He heaps brimstone and fire on the "love-sick poetry" of the romantic American cult of mock Shelleyism with its "stale, hackneyed, unreadable invocations to heathen deities" and ridicules the whining "romantic hero" as an indisposed baboon representing manhood's degradation, although he conventionally conceded Shelley's intellectual power and enchanting productions. Burns's poetry inspired Whittier to imitation, but he coated his admiration with moral caution: "He [Burns] erred—deeply erred—but his wanderings have the strongest palliation which vice can offer — the blight of disappointment acting on the exquisite sensibility of genius."

Whittier's criticism roamed haphazardly over the contemporary scene ignoring technical and esthetic consideration and consequently providing little or no lasting insights. Yet, like Lafcadio Hearn and William Dean Howells, his importance in vigorously calling on American writers to draw on the raw material and vitality of domestic and regional life should not be overlooked.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

FRUIT AMONG THE LEAVES: An Anniversary Anthology, edited by Samuel C. Chew. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $5. A third of this book is publishing history—an account of the houses of D. Appleton & Co. (1825-1933), The Century Company (1870-1933), F. S. Crofts, Inc. (1933-1947), and Appleton-Century-Crofts (1948 forward). As publishing lineages go, this one is not particularly involved —it merely seems so. Involved or not, it is a sound ancestry and one to be proud of, and Mr. Chew must have enjoyed tracing it and setting all its ramifications in order. He must have had even more fun making the selections which constitute the anthology that makes up the rest of the book. He has avoided the snare of big names; the big names are there, but they are not allowed to walk off with the show. Here is General Sherman writing of the march to the sea and Lieutenant Hobson of escape from the sea; Major Powell hurtles

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down the Grand Canyon; Theodore Roosevelt describes a cow town; the Wright brothers (as of 1908) tell how an airplane is flown (they make it sound extremely complicated), and Captain Sigsbee finishes a letter home just as the *Maine* blows up. The fiction is largely by men and women who are still read or still deserve to be. The illustrations—ah, the illustrations! Where, in magazine or book, can one look upon their like today? —J. T. W.

THE STEVENSONS: LOUIS AND FANNY, by Laura L. Hinkley. Hastings House. $3.75. Although there may be various opinions as to the weight and durability of Stevenson's writings, there can be only one as to the color and excitement of his life. It was probably his most lurid romance, fitfully played out in all sorts of settings. What a strange life, indeed, from the dour mists of Scotland, where he lived in the shadowy Land of Counterpane, to his end in the lush jungles of Samoa, where as the beloved laird of Vailima he ruled over native retainers who wore lava-lavas made of the Stewart tartan.

Miss Hinkley's book is by no means a profoundly creative biography or even a particularly perceptive one, but it is readable and reliable and within her modest scope completely successful. She is sympathetic to both halves of the married couple, allowing Fanny Osborne an ample background. She plays down the acrimonious controversies of their life, like that of their falling out with Henley — and the result is a less dramatic but a more credible story.

She has utilized the great mass of materials about her subjects and skilfully woven them together without intrusive documentation. (A full bibliography and index are given at the end.) Along with purely biographical matters she has included brief pointed comments on his writings. Her analyses are superficial, but it would have been difficult to make them more thorough without—as is so often true in "critical biographies" —impeding the narrative with lumpy digressions. She succeeds admirably in sketching the surface life and adventures of the Stevensons.

—R. H.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Torrent. 2. Snow. 3. Gust. 4. Rain. 5. Clouds. 6. Showers. 7. Breeze. 8 Mist. 9. Fog. 10. Sunshine. 11. Thunder. 12. Hail. 13. Sleet. 14. Wind. 15. Zephyr. 16. Storm. 17. Frost. 18. Gale. 19. Tempests. 20. Lightning.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 27)

it is not yet clear—certainly not to Sol Kenner, who races madly across the surface of his new city like a drop of water on a frying pan—what is the gain and what the loss.

These are two sides of the medal, and as hopelessly far apart in outlook as two sides must be. The overtones of each book express the essence of the difference—the proud and melancholy chant of the Yanovke synagogue, the shrill cacophany of the peddlers' market on Siegel Street. Each of these writers has brought his aspect of the Jew unmistakably to life.

Rejected Child

CHRISTMAS WITHOUT JOHNNY. By Gladys Hasty Carroll. New York: The Macmillan Co. 230 *pp.* $2.50.

By Christine Govan

"WHEN life is hard for a child," said Mr. Dwight, "it is harder than it could be for anyone who has lived through the process of growing up. They [adults] think children are happy just because they are children. So when life is hard for adults and they can't fight successfully at people their own size, they often strike out at children. That's why some children are the most miserable creatures in the world. That's why some of them run away. That's why some never come back."

Johnny Lee, the wistful little hero of this book, did come back, thanks to Mr. Dwight's quick action and understanding. Unfortunately, in real life there are far too few Mr. Dwights, far too many parents like Johnny's, who are blinded by their pride in their children and their ambition for them.

The story of Johnny's growing unhappiness and of his pathetic desire to be loved and needed is delicately told by Gladys Hasty Carroll, whose family novels have won her a warm and lively reputation. What she has told of this household may be found in homes all over the United States.

Johnny was shy, imaginative, and self-contained. He had a baby sister who was everything he wasn't—responsive, gay, demanding. Johnny's mother was blind and busy, blind to his need, busy trying to shape him to her idea of what he should be. She wanted a better home, newer furniture, some social life away from the

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farm her husband and Johnny loved. Johnny tried unceasingly to please her and was as often as not misunderstood or unnoticed. His teacher bullied him at school because it was easy to hurt a sensitive little boy. As a consequence his grades were poor. His father, hurt at his wife's lack of affection for his home-place and deeply in love with her, took out his hurt on Johnny, driving him further away, further within himself. The little sister, whom Johnny adored, took his parents' attention and time away from him and added to his sense of insecurity. The principal of his school—who must have been drawn straight from life—was a slave to "the record" with absolutely no understanding of the boys and girls who composed the school itself.

When, through trying to help someone, Johnny broke one of the school rules, the combined weight of his fears and miseries proved too much for him. A lonely, loving, unhappy little boy—he ran away from home.

Happily for Johnny and the reader, things are straightened out in time for Christmas and his parents and teachers learn that the spirit of a little boy is a fragile thing and not to be pushed around beyond endurance. Let us hope that thousands of the same sort of people reading this book learn it too.

Impaled by Death

THE TROUBLE OF ONE HOUSE. By Brendan Gill. New York: Doubleday & Co. 314 pp. $3.

By J. C. LONG

TOWARD the end of a sultry and stifling June Elizabeth Rowan lay dying. How her illness and ultimate death impaled her family and others in her orbit is the theme of "The Trouble of One House," Brendan Gill's first novel.

"The older men, who had every reason to think often about death, paid little or no attention to it," one of the characters observes, "while young men . . . found it the most interesting subject in the world."

While the story is built around a central preoccupation with death, the treatment is not philosophic and general, but local and particular. Death in the Rowan home is the topic. It was a substantial house in an unnamed Eastern city. Perhaps Bridgeport, Connecticut. It was an Irish-American, Roman Catholic home, though religion is not a major emphasis in the story. There are no topical allusions or frames of reference to distract the reader. Death in that one home is the sharply focused subject. "I'm sorry for your trouble" is the proper remark to make to the bereaved, the author advises us. Hence the title.

Mr. Gill has a fine gift for descriptive detail: "The electric fan on the floor beside the bed swung about tirelessly in a half circle, like an angry yellow cat in a cage; twice a minute its breath fluttered the edge of Miss

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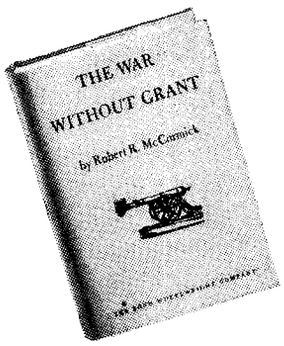

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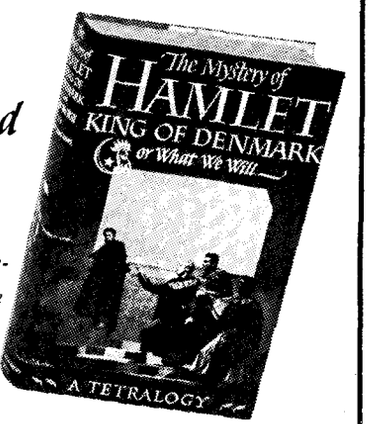

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WASH., D. C.

Gately's skirt." A host of other examples could be cited.

The author also has an excellent feeling for suspense. He manages shifts in time and place with the agility of Ford Maddox Ford. He creates a mood of expectation which keeps the reader going.

With all of those talents, Gill has assumed extraordinary liabilities in choosing a single death, as such, for the generic line of this novel. The scale is so limited.

Elizabeth Rowan had been beautiful. Her husband, a doctor, had been devoted to her but was also unfaithful, in gloomy unsatisfying adventures. Dr. Maher, a friend of Elizabeth and her husband, had been in love with her, unavailingly. Miss Gately, the nurse, had been a "convenience" for various men, to use her own phrase, and claimed to be indifferent to all. Elizabeth's sister had loved Rowan. Embittered in her failure to win him, she had married Delaney, the undertaker. But both she and Miss Gately drew strength from Elizabeth. Even the priest and the Monsignor had a special devotion to Elizabeth. When she died, a microcosm was ended. The separate elements quivered for new groupings. But did any of it matter?

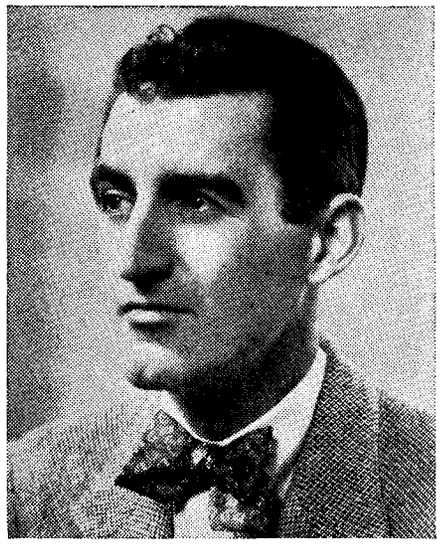
Remember Elizabeth's and Rowan's three children. They, though presented briefly, are alive, differentiated, charming. The reader stirs, would like to adopt the young ones, let the rest of the kaboodle go.

An author is entitled to choose his own theme, persons, scene, is he not? Even so, I hope that Mr. Gill next time will be less self-circumscribed, that his humor and general perspective (almost shut out here by his own election of subject) will have fuller sway.

Fiction Notes

THE STORY OF ANDREA FIELDS, WOMAN AND DOCTOR, by Elizabeth Seifert. Dodd, Mead. $3. Elizabeth Seifert once more looks at the doctor's love and life. While managing to create a certain anesthesia of her own, she still succeeds in sensationalizing the hospital zone. Sex simmers between the sutures. Shop talk prevails. Dinner with the medicos only drags out the day's work. After all, the splicing and grafting of an aorta can easily be demonstrated by the simple expedient of placing strands of spaghetti on the table. And at least one lady loves it.

Andrea Fields comes home as a resident in the progressive local clinic. She's all wool. She has wit, glitter, glamour, immense beauty, and, above all, the deceptive detachment of the proper pediatrician. Is it any wonder that clinical Hawk Dolan, surgeon boss of the unit, should succumb to her? Or that the woman, responsively, should triumph over the doctor? Oath or no oath, you can't buck nature.



—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Brendan Gill—"self-circumscribed."

Hardly Blue Cross campaign material.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

THE MARE'S NEST, by Paul Griffith. Macmillan. $3.50. Mr. Griffith's first novel is a strange and wonderful creation, a salute to Sterne from the age of plastics. Like Sterne, who is much more famous but not nearly so imaginative as himself, the author unfolds a tale without a plot. The people in his book never get anywhere. Indeed, as the title suggests, they are not supposed to.

In any case, the story is made up of a series of anecdotes of frustration. The style is highly subjective, and the author gives free play to passing moods and whimsies. There are many flashbacks and asides which, exactly as in "Tristram Shandy," are introduced as the spirit moves. One word spawns another, with results sometimes laborious, sometimes truly beautiful. Every rhetorical device has a turn—the violent anticlimax, the sudden transition from the ugly to the sweetly cadenced, the juxtaposition of ideas usually thought to be mutually exclusive, and the like.

The general idea of the book, as this reviewer understands it, is to expose the pathos and cruelties lurking at every hand just under the surface of human existence. Life itself is Mr. Griffith's mare's nest, a glittering thing of promise which, on closer view, turns out to be a fraud. An imaginary desert town in Ari-

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zona called St. Andrews—it is not far from Stinking Springs—is the harshly sunlit stage where the author's puppets dance out their grotesques. Here all is Jukesian melody and caprice, here Mollie Shaver, and Orlo Shaver and Mr. Ivan Whiting, the bullied millionaire, and Lyman Quince, who bullies him, are the little particles of fate. As if seen through the haze of heat proper to the scene, their shapes waver and flow, and all is strange, like life itself. —E. B. GARSIDE.

THE INVISIBLE WORM, by Gordon Sager. Vanguard Press. $3. In his first novel, "Run, Sheep, Run," Gordon Sager offered proof of his ability to write wittily about light-brained Americans cultivating their neuroses on an exotic foreign island—which is to say, about practically nothing at all. In his new book, Mr. Sager offers more proof of the same thing, but nothing to increase his reputation or suggest any broadening or deepening of his fictional purview.

This time the island is Sicily, and the nominal subject is Madeleine West, beautiful, charming, rich, just past sixty, and dead by her own hand in a rented villa, in the very first chapter. Why did she do it? The form of the book suggests the odyssey of an obituary writer with an unlimited expense account; the novelist takes us back and forth between far points to look in on Madeleine's relatives and, through them and their reactions to her death, to gather some idea of Madeleine. In this way we meet son Paul, who lives idly and conventionally with his family in California; daughter Diana, who has gone to an apparently quite habitable hell in Manhattan; brother Jonathan, an American professor of wondrous dulness—the only bore in the book; ex-husband, Mac, who has retired to Africa and become a sort of philosopher of the sands; and, of course, the light-brained expatriates and quaint natives of the town in Sicily.

In these excursions Madeleine is inclined to get lost. When it comes out why she did "it" on the last page, the revelation has no more impact than the trick ending of a short-short story.

Mr. Sager has deliberately chosen a familiar milieu to work in; it could be called the *toujours gai* novel. It has been fashionable to associate Mr. Sager's milieu with serious fiction, but through much use it has become as stylized as the fat historical novel,. and in one sense its appeal is the same. Who wouldn't escape to some scenic island full of witty and abandoned people, had he only the leisure, plane fare, freedom from responsibility, im-

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munity to income tax, and passport? Especially when, as depicted in the novel, most of the people seem to have succeeded in leaving their hateful old selves behind in Kansas City or London? —JOHN BROOKS.

PORTRAIT IN THE DARK, by Miriam Wornum. McGraw-Hill. $2.75. It is a pity that the word "mystery" is modernly applied almost solely to the whodunit, for one would like to call this novel a mystery story but that would be confusing. Yet Miriam Wornum's first novel is in a very real sense a mystery: an exploration into the intricacies of human motives and the confusions of communication among the frustrating walls that shut even the best-loved from their best-loved.

Sudden death at midnight comes to seventy-year-old Richard Halferd, celebrated British artist, as he sits in a London restaurant opposite his wife, Thelma. At 2:00 AM Thelma sits down in front of the fire in their studio, wrapped in the Spanish shawl that Richard had always loved, and tries to break through her daze to realize that from now on she must work things out without Richard's help. From the day he carried her off, an incredibly innocent child of seventeen in an English village, to this night when she is sixty, the center of her life had been Richard, despite a love affair with another man in a remote lovely spring of Paris, and despite two children borne to Richard.

Through the rest of the night Thelma tries to decide what she will do now. First she recapitulates the long, happy life with Richard, and the vision includes Don, the man in Paris she might have loved more than Richard had destiny let it work that way. And then in three other conjured visions she foresees the conclusion of her life should she go to live with Janelou, her daughter, here in London; with Tom, her son, in New York; with Vi, her long-abandoned and unloved older sister in France. The present ghost of Don, too, comes into the room just before dawn.

But this being a mystery story, it would not be fair to reveal the choice that Thelma makes when the sun is stealing under the edge of the blinds.

Here is a compelling theme; and as one follows Thelma through the night's memory Odyssey, each episode is also full of compelling reality —that of sights, smells, tastes, and authentic human beings. But the structure of the whole creaks; the form emerges too patently, like a skeleton on which the draped flesh does not quite fit. That is too bad, for Miriam Wornum writes well and

what she wants to say is probably the most important thing that could be said in fiction.

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

HOUR OF GLORY, by Robert Lund. John Day. $3. For about a third of the way through this first novel by Robert Lund it almost appears as if we are to have again that good old-fashioned South Sea Island romance, replete with exotic maidens dancing in the moonlight and that carefree escape to pleasure-loving primitivism for which we are all supposed to long. But then the author goes off on another tack. It seems the year is 1898 and the United States is at war with Spain. So the United States Navy takes over the island paradise, Guam, and our hero, Peter Borne, who had to this point been just a lusty wastrel beachcomber in the established tradition, is suddenly made governor of the island. Thereafter we are involved in his attempt to bring justice, sanitation, and progress to the natives, and in his fights with the Catholic Church and the Spanish landowners, who have kept the islanders in superstition and fear. We are also asked to consider the tragedy of a man of good will given power to work out his principles in practice.

As a novel this suffers primarily from the author's uncertainty of purpose. He apparently never decided whether he was writing a colorfully romantic adventure story, an attack on the historical role of the Catholic Church, or a problem novel about a man and destiny. So he threw everything in and then neglected to mix them well. He didn't help matters either by providing characters and plot contrivances that seem to have been lifted from the libretto of a pre-"Oklahoma!" musical comedy.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

BE MY LOVE, by Harriet Hinsdale. Creative Age Press. $3.50. This time the Restoration Bosom, trademark of the high-voltage "historical," belongs to the lady villain and not the heroine. "Be My Love" is written around the legendary romance of Agnes Surriage, orphaned tavern drudge, and young Sir Harry Frankland, wealthy

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Collector of the Port in pre-Revolutionary Boston. Sir Harry's old flame, Lady Sibyll, she of the "provocative expanse" and "libidinous aura," stops at nothing, not even murder, to win the dashing Pygmalion away from his Galatea.

Sir Harry proves himself a soldier as well as lover. In the war between France and England for domination of the New World the pampered aristocrat fights as well as any frontiersman for English victory. As one of New England's leaders he helps build the colonial solidarity that leads to the American Revolution. He is a key link in the historical chain on which are strung such names as George Washington, Paul Revere, Samuel Adams, Peter Fanueil, Governor Shirley, and Benjamin Franklin.

Thanks to the considerable travels of the novel's main characters, American notables are not the only great men to invest "Be My Love" with period atmosphere. Lord Chesterfield puts in an appearance, as do Samuel Johnson, Boswell, and Voltaire. The reader gets a sociological close-up of Barbados, London, Paris, and Venice, is caught in the Lisbon earthquake, watches the capture and hanging of a gory, passionate pirate. Miss Hinsdale, as you see, has scored a bull's eye. "Sprawling, brawling" history laced with technicolor love passages cannot miss. —ANN F. WOLFE.

BENNET'S WELCOME, by Inglis Fletcher. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50. Great changes were stirring England and affecting a new America at the time of this novel. The defeat of Charles II by Cromwell at Worcester, the rout of the Royalists, Charles's escape through the South of England to France, the escape of many of the young hot-head Royalist gentlemen to the new colony of Virginia disguised as indentured servants, offer every possible opportunity for dramatic and meaningful writing. But, except for the directly told narrative of Charles's retreat and the picture of Williamsburg at the time of the taking over by a Roundhead governor, the events of this book are dimly seen through thickets of stilted conversation and unimportant detail. The climax in the hero's life, the stereotyped flogging of the servant girl by the brutal overseer and the duel, in full wigs and satin coats, with the man it seems he hates—not to mention the casual manner of his rehabilitation and marriage—are pretty preposterous. It is a pity that such evidently careful work in research in the infinite details of this exciting period should result in so lifeless a picture.

—MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS.

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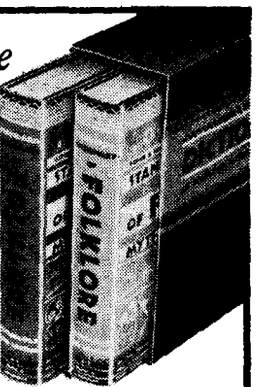

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HUMOR

(*Continued from page 36*)

been named Smith for its founder—which would have left Smith College in a quandary. He will learn that the center of the nation is, appropriately enough near Smith Center in Smith County, Kansas. He will find out that bloomers were not invented by Amelia Bloomer but by Elizabeth Smith, and that a Smith wrote the music for our national anthem and another Smith the words of "America." He will learn that the Smiths have a practical monopoly on blues singing and sports writing and are busily and successfully engaged in all the activities known to man—or woman. He will find a few unsuspected Smiths, such as Mary Pickford, but he would have a hell of a time (in H. Allen's idiom) finding any of them, because the book has no index.

I only went to sleep twice while reading "People Named Smith," and this was probably because I had lost a good deal of shuteye over a case of poison ivy. There aren't as many laughs in this book as there are itches in a back well covered with ivy welts, but there are enough; they will suffice. But they are not belly laughs. H. Allen aims slightly lower.

I do have one bone to pick with H. Allen. What are you hiding behind that H, H? Come on out where we can see you. A man who bears the name of Smith can survive anything that goes with it.

SEEING THINGS

(*Continued from page 46*)

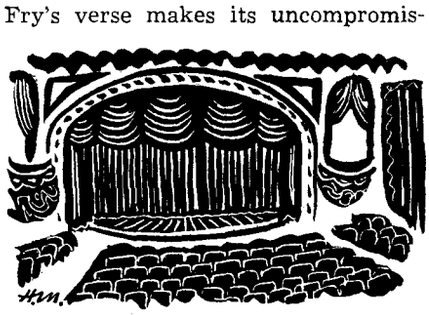
Shakespeare was murdered along with Duncan and Banquo, persuades me actors are grievously underestimated. Having listened with enchantment to the ease, sparkle, authority, and variety with which Mr. Gielgud and Miss Brown project Mr. Fry's sprightly lines, I know that I for one will turn cottoned ears to all lyre-strummers deluded enough to believe that poets are the best readers of poetry and actors mere sounding boards for the sensibilities of others.

Christopher Fry is a Britisher of forty-three who, within a year, has won and deserved international attention. As everyone must know who has seen "The Lady's Not for Burning"* or read it, "A Phoenix Too Frequent,"† or "Venus Observed,"‡ his is one of the most exciting talents the postwar theatre has yielded. Under Attlee's prosaic government, in a theatre made brackish by its realism, and during times aggressively unlyrical, he has triumphed as a poetic dramatist. Although Mr. Fry may be a Quaker by conviction, he is an Elizabethan at heart and in endowment. Everything that is intellectual, disciplined, and arctic in T. S. Eliot is flowing, fiery, and eruptive in him.

Mr. Fry has invited straphangers, accustomed to traveling on the subway, to take a ride on Pegasus. More than that, he has made them like it. "What a wonderful thing is a metaphor," cries the hero in "The Lady's Not for Burning." Plainly Mr. Fry agrees with him. He loves the language. He uses it with a glorious profligacy. He thinks, sees, smells, and tastes in terms of verbal images.

WHETHER he is writing about a British nobleman's decision to have his son choose a wife for him ("Venus Observed"), dramatizing Petronius's tale of the Ephesian widow who, when preparing to die in her husband's tomb, falls in love with a guard ("A Phoenix Too Frequent"), or telling, as in "The Lady," the story of a soldier who upsets a village by pretending to want to be hanged in order to save a young girl suspected of witchcraft, metaphors and similes come galloping from his pen so fast that they almost trip over one another. That Mr. Fry overwrites is undeniable. But that he can write with shimmering magic is equally and delectably apparent.

Most people today have been fed for so long upon a thin porridge of prose in the theatre that they have almost lost a taste for listening. Mr. Fry's verse makes its uncompromis-



*THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING. By Christopher Fry. New York: Oxford University Press. 95 pp. $2.50.

†A PHOENIX TOO FREQUENT. By Christopher Fry. New York: Oxford University Press. 43 pp. $1.75.

‡VENUS OBSERVED. By Christopher Fry. New York: Oxford University Press. 99 pp. $2.50.

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ing demands on the ears. To be fully relished, "The Lady" should perhaps be read before it is seen—and heard. Even then it can at moments prove exhausting. This exhaustion, however, is in itself pleasant inasmuch as it is brought about by the richness rather than the poverty of Mr. Fry's talent.

"The Lady" is a comedy in which the laughter, in typical Fry fashion, is interrupted from time to time by sudden stabs of disenchantment. Its spirit, nonetheless, is essentially ebullient. It is as full of bravura as if Dick Dudgeon in "The Devil's Disciple" and the braggart Irishman of "The Playboy of the Western World" had been merged into one character by a smiling and wordstruck Elizabethan dramatist.

If Mr. Fry's shimmering lines were exposed to a "poetry voice," his play would die an abrupt and painful death. Mr. Gielgud and Miss Brown are, of course, at once too wise and expert to smother it in this manner. So are such of their associates in an admirable cast as Richard Burton and Eliot Makeham. All of these players are masters of their profession. They know how to bring out the song in a poetic speech and give it style at the same time that they keep it conversational. They read precisely, with an unflagging instinct for emphasis and a superb sense of pace and variety. Poets they may not be, but skilful actors they are. For this very reason the poetry they speak gains rather than suffers as it leaves their lips.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Day Shift

By William J. Murphy

IT IS blowing seven at the Ridge,
A hoarse braying yell of steam,
And the first carload tumbles into the tipple.
The timbermen put on canvas gloves
And take down the gleaming snagged-toothed cross-cuts,
The nipper leans out from the lokey front and jumps,
The topman leaps at the trip and uncouples the links,
The engines are breathing deeply.
It will not be long until the first rusty gondola
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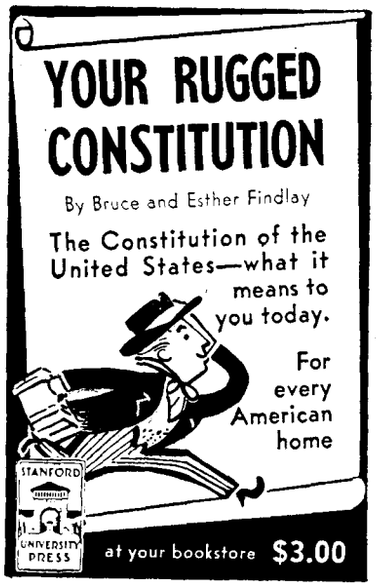
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(*Continued from page 12*)

short stories, he has already entered the story himself in unmistakable fashion. He had dramatized himself as an American student of art, susceptible to impressions, sensitive to the moral differences of races, easily aroused by lively intelligent women, but obviously afraid to get his feet wet! I refer to a *nouvelle*, or long short story, published in *The Galaxy*, a New York magazine. It is unusual for him that he cannot remember its source, so that it is legitimate to guess that it was a day dream while James sat at Saint Germain-en-Laye over the immense and famous view in which Paris spreads in dusky vastness, "domed and fortified, glittering here and there through her light vapors and girdled with her silver Seine."

It is true that Henry James was perfectly conditioned to be an international novelist. The story of "Madame de Mauves" at the early date of 1873 shows it beautifully. He wrote it in a dark little inn room at Bad Hamburg, so dark that he could just see his way to and from his inkstand, calling the story later experimental internationalism. The story in outline told of the woman seen among the mists of Saint Germain, and is conventional enough. She is an American woman, beautiful, strange, lovely, and unhappy, morally entangled in a drama with a "shining, sinful, Frenchman"—only that he is not "shining" but plump and quite willing to let her take a lover and let him alone. But the story is lifted into an atmosphere of French life whose tones and undertones make it a masterpiece of subtlety and a tragedy of the moral will which neither the American can relax nor the French husband understand. It is true that (as very often with the early James) it ends with a suicide (of the wicked husband, not the virtuous wife), which is clearly because of Henry's feeling that in the 100 pages of the main story not enough has happened. It has, and a thoughtful reader can see there a major novelist not yet skilled enough nor conscious of his powers to know when to stop. But a new talent in English is certainly manifest.

YET it is not true that Henry wanted to become just a specialist in international reactions—which with the exception of a few of his short stories is exactly what happened to him in his finest work. He says not once but a half a dozen times in his letters that he rebels against his theme, yet he always comes back, with the excuse usually that this is what his public, especially his magazine public, wants of him—this is what he can publish with some expectation of a reasonable return. His last purely American novels, his purely English novels—"The Bostonians," "The Awkward Age," etc.—might well be regarded as having been published at his own expense, at least of energy and time. Twice at least he determined to sink himself, as he said of Howells, up to his waist in a national scene and fell back discouraged, only at the end discovering himself the formula which was international without a limitation of his finest talents.

Was the trouble that the sources of his inspiration in these international complications were too shallow? It depends upon the value of such gossamers of steel that separate nation and nation. The word "international" is only a stereotype. If Mark Twain had first and best presented the type of New World man in his Western phase, it was James who first took him, whether from West or East, abroad on something more than a satiric voyage. It is the young Henry who realizes that all types of Americans (now enriched by the Civil War or the industrial revolution and grown powerful, curious, and some of them over-refined) have come to visit or to stay with the Europeans, with social reactions of the greatest interest to a psychological novelist. If he began with a satiric view of the cruder, brasher specimens, using them only as comic relief, he soon lifts above satire and broadens into a study of manners of a moral type never before familiar in Europe, and with its most diverse individuals more like each other fundamentally than any other race or nation. Thus I answer the ques-

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tion raised above by saying that this international drama is a great theme capable of infinite nuance and possible development. A confident, strong-willed people, still largely inarticulate, have come to visit an old civilization or in representative specimens to live with that civilization, and the reacting cultures are already setting up chemical reactions. Mark, less subtle but more prophetic than Henry, foresaw an American influence (if one takes his work as a whole) as strong in its way as that of the Greeks and the Romans, and has been proved to be right. Nothing up to the rise of Communism has been so potent in European culture as the coming back from the New World of the Americans. Henry was no historian. This potency he regarded as a "menace" to the old culture which he held so dear. But he was far better able than Mark to assess the finer, the more spiritual, the more intellectual aspects of the drama—and, as far as culture in its narrow sense was concerned, much better informed. He could make art, as Mark could not, out of social history in rapid motion without too much bothering with broader issues. Lesser novelists than Henry have been diverted by these "broader issues" into writing narrative tracts. Both men (and this is the point of this paragraph) had great subjects (as subsequent history has shown). It is therefore nonsense to speak of Twain in that considerable part of his work which could be called international contrast as only a satirical humorist; or of James as merely an esoteric fictionist in the field of special types.

But, to return to James, it is as a novelist first that he must be thought of; the international scene merely gave him his opportunity. And that scene was narrowed for him to what Twain had asserted should be the familiar. It was the French, the English, and the traveling or expatriate American who excited James's interest. He did not like the Italians (except for a few aristocrats), thought that they were dishonest, immoral, and decadent. He emphatically did not like the Germans—even their music. The Americans, even the "unrefined" but not the vulgar ones, went deepest with him, although their sometimes baffling simplicities gave him the least to write about. The French were his first love, especially among types of women. They had for him in their own way a moral glamour which no other nation—certainly not the English—could equal. Next to the American heroines of "The Wings of the Dove" and of "The Golden Bowl," Mme. de Vionnet of "The Ambassadors" must be adjudged his most sympathetic portrait of a woman.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
SCHUBERT		
SCHUBERT: QUINTET, OP. 163. Vienna Concert House Quartet; G. Weiss, 2nd cello. Westminster LP: WL 50-33	Funny business, recording—the Westminsters are entirely processed at Columbia, only orig. tape being non-C. Here, Westminster competes directly with the larger outfit! The two W. quintets use very live, close-to technique, London-like; a gorgeous sound but not really ideal for this music. The Budapest, a drier, small-room sound, suffers on first hearing but is esthetically more proper. Don't underestimate it. The Columbia string bass is weak in the recording, a decided listening factor.	The "Heavenly lengths" of this late Schubert taken in leisurely, high Austrian style. Loving, sincere job, but lacks rhythmic incisiveness; overattention to details loses architectural perspective.
SCHUBERT: PIANO QUINTET IN A, OP. 114 ("Trout") (a) Vienna Concert House Quartet; P. Badura-Skoda, piano, J. Hermann, bass. Westminster LP: WL 50-25 (b) Budapest Quartet; M. Horszowski, piano, G. Moleux, bass. Columbia LP: ml 4317*		The Viennese "Trout," with the incisive piano part (and this pianist is a leader), is excellent—virtues of above, minus faults. Still, the Budapest rates high, too; smaller-scaled, more carefully proportioned, more truly chamber music. Scherzo is heavy.
SCHUBERT: "WANDERER" FANTASIA, OP. 15; FOUR IMPROMPTUS. Orazio Frugoni, piano. Vox LP: VL 6690	Vox's better piano recording, as here, continues to be in this writer's view the most natural piano sound in the business, London perhaps excepted—this in spite of minor "peaks," blasts, other engineering petty faults. Secret might be in more distant mike placement, which this column strongly advocates. Values here: (a) natural-sounding percussives, minus thump or bell-like distortion; (b) big, expansive bass. Frugoni's Schubert is staccato, bit nervous, otherwise musical and very expressive.	
SCHUBERT: "DIVERTISSEMENT A LA HONGROISE," OP. 54. Vronsky and Babin, two pianos. Columbia LP: ml 2125 (10")*	Columbia's two-piano work is often better than one-piano. (Maybe because mikes are further away?) Loud parts perilously heavy here, but whole is clean and good-sounding, if hardly romantic-toned.	Intriguing offshoot of S.'s visits to Esterhazys—long, rambling, repetitive, but full of Schubertian melodic flashes; also odd "Hungarian - Rhapsody" bits, quite surprising. Strong, rhythmic playing, rather hard, furious at climaxes.
CHOPIN		
CHOPIN: FIVE NOCTURNES (E-flat, B mi., G mi., B-flat mi., F mi.). Maryla Jonas, piano. Columbia LP: ml 2143 (10")*	The best of Columbia's hardish very close-miked piano. Very accurate, with low distortion; solid pitch, true percussives. But it's not a natural piano sound—this is "piano-side" listening; thumps of mechanism, hard string sounds, too audible.	Night-and-day difference here to my ear—Casadesus' notes are accurate, his power immense, but the music is hard, unmusical, unfelt. With Jonas, Chopin comes to life. Whale of a diff. and not easy to pin down to specific fact—just listen.
CHOPIN: FOUR "BALLADES." Robert Casadesus, piano. Columbia LP: ml 2137 (10")*		
CHOPIN: TWENTY-FOUR PRELUDES. Guiomar Novães, piano. Vox LP: VL 6170	Good piano but not (in my copy) Vox's best. Louder notes are bit false, unclean; over-all pitch not as solid as Columbia's.	Ranks midway between above—not internally too well proportioned, I'd say, with some confusion as to musical intent. Plenty of good moments, even so.
CHOPIN: FOURTEEN WALTZES. Alexander Brailowsky, piano. RCA Victor LP: LM 1082*	Not unlike Columbia's above, but less brilliant, noticeable lack of piano bass on larger machines, a lower recorded level.	Scamperingly rapid, rather perfumed playing, contrast to usual super-powerhouse style à la Rubinstein.
SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY #8 ("UNFINISHED"). London Symphony, Krips. London LP: LPS 209 (10")	"Unfinished" is fine example of ffrr—here musically significant: the symphony, impressive in the large, has much priceless inner string figuration usually lost to the ear; here it comes through cleanly thanks to ultra-clear (close-to) ffrr miking. The Symphony #5 hero gets its first LP recording, an excellent wide-range job in top performance by Busch, best so far except perhaps the second mvt., which seems bit colorless.	
SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY #5. Winterthur Symphony, Fritz Busch. Concert Hall LP: CHC 61		

*Also other speeds

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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FLAUBERT

(Continued from page 15)

two very different things. Had Flaubert written his novels as he wrote his daily batch of letters, he would inevitably have come to grief on the rocks of prolixity.

He has been taken to task for his wilful isolation and detachment. Absurd reproach! That, too, suited his nature. The solitude he enjoyed at Croisset, near Rouen, was propitious to the slow elaboration of a work much more important for its quality of perfection than for its quantity.

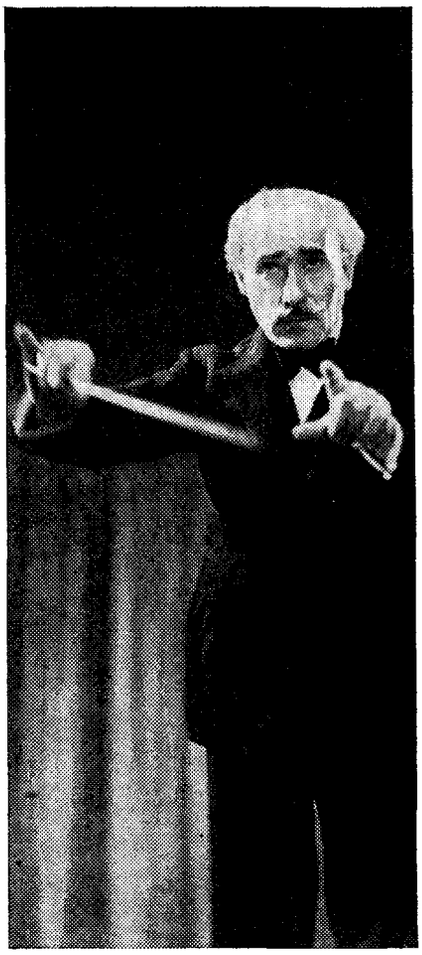
His last book, "Bouvard et Pécuchet," remained unfinished. For a long time there was great discussion as to what it might have been, as to what ending Flaubert might have given the book had he been able to finish it. No longer is his aim doubtful. In this book it was not science that Flaubert placed on trial but pseudo-science—that is, science transported beyond its domain and considered as a materialistic religion. Nowadays we see all too well the danger of those illusory concepts of the past; "Bouvard et Pécuchet" was written to put Flaubert's contemporaries on guard against the illusion which made science viewed as necessarily profitable and beneficial, no matter what the moral value of those who made themselves its prophets.

Yes, it is this philosophic depth which confers upon Flaubert's works their capacity to endure. He knew how to depict different epochs, to give each one its color of timeliness. But he also knew how to disengage the permanent from the transitory, to eliminate the useless details which so quickly make books go out of fashion. From this point of view "Salammbô" is as "true" as "Madame Bovary," as "L'Education sentimentale," or as "Herodias." Taine said that the reading of "Herodias" had taught him more of the Roman world of the first century than had all the history books.

All this explains why Flaubert remains one of the very small number of writers who, though vanished from the earth, none the less maintain contact with living realities.

(*Translated from the French by Herma Briffault.*)

René Dumesnil, French music and literary critic, is the author of several books on Flaubert and the editor of the "Edition critique des Oeuvres de Flaubert." This is the eleventh of a series of literary revaluations that SRL *is presenting in conjunction with NBC and five universities participating in the "University of the Air."*



"Conqueror of time and place"

writes Rebecca West about Arturo Toscanini

"The obvious parallel to Toscanini is Verdi. What would be old age to other men could not impair their genius. Toscanini can be thirty while at the same time he is eighty-three. But he triumphs over place as well as time. He can be a brilliant Italian, like Verdi, and he can be a majestic German, like Beethoven. He enters into the mind of every composer he interprets and becomes each of them, no matter how individual and how local they may be; yet he remains himself, with his individual glory."—*Rebecca West*

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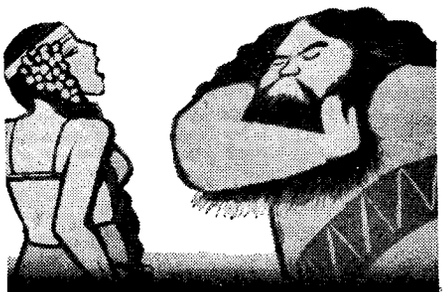

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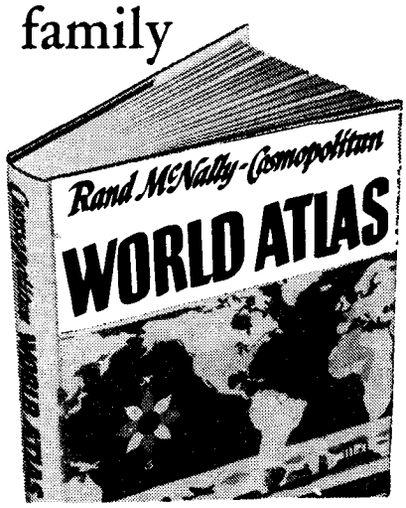

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THE FINE ARTS

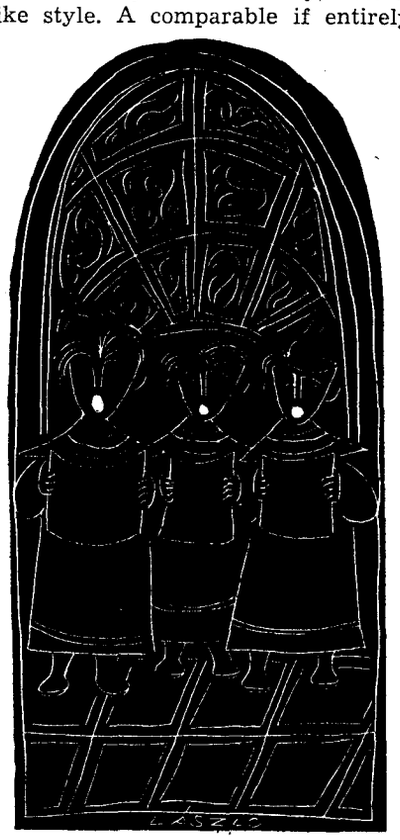
WHAT'S NEW & RENEWED

THE ANNUAL exhibition of contemporary American painting at New York's Whitney Museum remains open through December. It includes slightly more than 150 pictures, of which roughly 20 per cent are by newcomers to the annual, the rest mostly by artists of long renown or by younger leaders of the vanguard. This year's show is, I think, the most vigorous since the war and the most varied. It is particularly welcome just now, when taste in art is rapidly falling back to what the military calls "previously prepared positions"—cubism, fauvism, even the camouflaged parapets of neo-impressionism. The most plausible reason for the retreat is that art's international brigade has produced no new generals to replace Picasso, Matisse, and other men of unmistakable five-star ability. Yet the Whitney exhibition proves that in this country alone we now have a number of bold and enterprising junior officers. The hardy will want to follow them, perhaps not expecting a major break-through in the immediate future, but confident that the positions taken can be held.

The dominant force in current American painting is unquestionably abstraction—that presumed dead duck which has risen like a rocket at intervals throughout our century, especially when threatened. Twenty-five years ago abstraction lay fairly quiet among the bobbing decoys of realism, neo-classicism, surrealism, and neo-romanticism. Soon after 1930 it abruptly took off again. It came down for a brief rest during the early 1940's, only to be seen aloft and defiant when the war smoke cleared. I find it hard to believe that it can fly forever without spending a vacation somewhere different and warm. But let's not fool ourselves that the bird is cooked. Many of our best younger painters are today more interested in preserving its life and freedom than in anything else.

Three leaders of the newer abstract school—Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollack, and Willem DeKooning—are represented at the Whitney by works which, though not their best, are good enough to confirm the authority which makes them the most discussed figures in their group. The group itself is continually attracting recruits (not all of whom will pass the physical), and one of the surprises of the Whitney exhibition is that so many painters have veered toward abstraction or have changed their place within its orbit. It is startling, for example, to see Alexander Brook, long one of the fixtures of the romantic-realist tradition, represented by an abstracted image of a flying pinwheel; or to find Philip Guston partly abjuring recognizable subject matter; or to realize that a deft little nonfigurative landscape is by William Palmer, who used to prefer such specifically nostalgic properties as ruins and murky skies. The new abstract movement must have considerable strength to pull settled artists into its wake.

As to those painters who have shifted their position within abstraction itself, perhaps the outstanding case is that of George L. K. Morris. For many years Morris stationed himself at the door of the classic citadel of abstract art, reminding friendly visitors that a very great painter, Juan Gris, was interred inside, firing impatient volleys at the least sound of what might prove an alien step. But his "Labyrinth" at the Whitney breaks away from austerity toward a lively, mosaic-like style. A comparable if entirely separate revision of goal is obvious in Theodore Stamos's "Emperor Ploughs the Fields." A few years ago Stamos was painting large, clearly defined abstract forms based on close-ups of nature. Today he has apparently joined the pervasive trend toward molten contours and filmy, atmospheric color. The trend's deepest contemporary roots lie in the very early works of Kandinsky, but I think we will one day recognize that its main recent progenitor has been Matta Echaurren, followed and extended by the late Arshile Gorky, Mark Rothko, and Balcomb Greene, among others.



HOWEVER noteworthy these changes in the art of well-known painters, the freshest room in the Whitney show for me is the northeast one downstairs, where are assembled works by less familiar abstractionists. In this gallery I liked best James Brooks's "No. 15," though I admired as well Alfred Russell's "La Rue de Nevers." On the whole, the pictures by comparative newcomers seem to have been better chosen than those by experienced hands like Lyonel Feininger, Karl Knaths, Bradley Tomlin, I. Rice Pereira, Fritz Glarner, Loren MacIver, Adolph Gottlieb, Richard Pousette-Dart, Robert Motherwell, and William Baziotes. But the talents of all these artists have left their mark elsewhere and it is only fair to add that Ad Reinhardt, Jimmy Ernst, and Weldon Kees are seen at top form at the Whitney.

Expressionism, so impressively revived a decade ago by the "Boston School" of Jack Levine and Hyman Bloom, is now a dwindling force, at least so far as the young are concerned, though Alton Pickens's "Boating Party," with its wry Germanic intensity, is a courageous exception to this statement. Perhaps expressionism is essentially strange to the dominant American temperament; it is at any rate true that its most eloquent adherents here have usually been of Baltic origin. On the other hand, both realism and surrealism continue to hold our artists' attention, the former steadily gaining the ascendant position. And considered together the two styles pose a curious problem. The revival of realism in American painting, as pointed out before in this column, was in part due to surrealism's use of realistic techniques to make the unbelievable seem credible. Now, by an odd paradox, the situation appears reversed, and it is often fantasy's presence—or absence—which determines the acceptability of realism as a painter's method. By this I mean that when some of our painters try to do without chimerical subjects, they end in academic vacuity, as in the case of the

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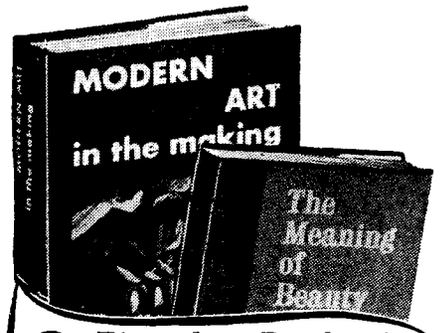

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paintings by Cadmus, Tooker, and Koerner (but not of Stephen Greene) in the Whitney show. Surrealism itself remains a difficult language; the pictures of Yves Tanguy, Kurt Seligmann, and Kay Sage speak it authentically and so, with a different accent, does "Imaginary Gathering," by William Pachner.

In all the excitement over youth and directions the critic tends, of course, to take his eye off quality for its own sake. I should like to make immediate redress in this regard, for there are at the Whitney a number of pictures that urge their own good cause. Ivan Le Lorraine Albright's image of St. Anthony's monstrous struggle with sin is ruthlessly macabre, its slimy landscape affording a total contrast to Leonid's elegiac "Breakwater." I have not seen a better recent Sheeler than his "Shadow and Substance"; "The Watch Factory," of Niles Spencer, illustrates effectively his slow, patient, and valid contribution to architectural subjects. Rufino Tamayo, fresh from his triumph at the Venice Biennale, is shown by a secondary work, Ben Shahn by a luminous picture called "Epoch." I have never thought of these two outstanding painters as having much in common, yet Edward Millman's "Navajo Spinner" combines their styles in a way which suggests an underlying affinity. J. M. Hanson's "The Gay Tablecloth" and Fannie Hillsmith's "Etude" are handsome paintings, the latter paying oblique tonal tribute to that remarkable picture "The Fitting" (Museum of Modern Art Collection) by Francisco Borès, whom Cahiers d'Art once tried to establish as heir to Picasso's Spanish line, along with a colleague (apparently phonetically chosen) named Vinès. And the Whitney has other interesting paintings by Kuniyoshi, Lebrun, Siporin, Esteban Vicente, Robert Gwathmey, Hedda Sterne, Stuempfig, and, naturally, Max Weber.

Part of the fascination of the Whitney shows is the atmosphere of family warmth which that museum manages to preserve despite the scale of its galleries. I feel certain this atmosphere will be retained when the Museum moves uptown. And the move will save the denizens of the Fifty-seventh Street area a taxi ride which begins to border on psychopathic experience. On my way down to the Whitney last week I made the mistake of commiserating with the driver on the snarled traffic. The Brooklyn Dodgers and other dependable supports to male recklessness and acumen faded from his mind, and he wept quietly, hat in hand. We are clearly near the urban breaking point.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Relativists

WINGLESS PEGASUS. By George Boas. Baltimore: John Hopkins Press. 244 *pp.* $3.50.

CREATIVE VISION. By Richard Guggenheimer. New York: Harper & Bros. 173 *pp.* $2.50.

By FRANCES BLANSHARD

PEGASUS without wings is surely a horse with his feet on the ground. He can no longer serve Muses who may require flights in search of Ideal Beauty and Eternal Verities. Mr. Boas's title appropriately introduces a discussion of problems of criticism in a scientific spirit, leading to the conclusion that the critic, too, must clip his wings if he would avoid talking nonsense. The wise critic "will confine himself to explanation, interpretation, analysis and give up praising and blaming, legislation, and evaluation." In other words, the critic will forego what has usually been expected of him; he will no longer pronounce judgments. This restriction is now commonly held necessary by those who, like Mr. Boas, describe themselves as "relativistic" and "pluralistic" in their attitude toward the arts.

As a relativist Mr. Boas brings from anthropology, psychology, and the history of ideas a wealth of evidence to show that esthetic judgments bear the stamp of a particular period and culture and the color of the individual judge's temperament and prejudices. A study included in his appendix, "The Mona Lisa in the History of Taste," gives a masterly account of what different generations have seen in this painting. When sweetness and gentleness were the qualities expected of a woman, Mona Lisa's smile was admired for its gentle sweetness. Only after the early nineteenth century had introduced *la femme fatale* was the smile found to be enigmatic, mysterious. Granted that appraisals have always varied with the times and presumably always will, no esthetic judgment can be final. This is the relativist's ground for concluding that the critic should not try to judge at all.

As a pluralist Mr. Boas finds a further ground in the failure of attempts to identify any one value distinctive of art as such. Given one such value, its presence or absence would serve as basis for praise or blame. But a painting can satisfy a multiplicity of interests. It may be prized for telling a story, expressing emotion, presenting a sensory pattern pleasing in itself, exhorting to good conduct. It may satisfy all these and more inter-

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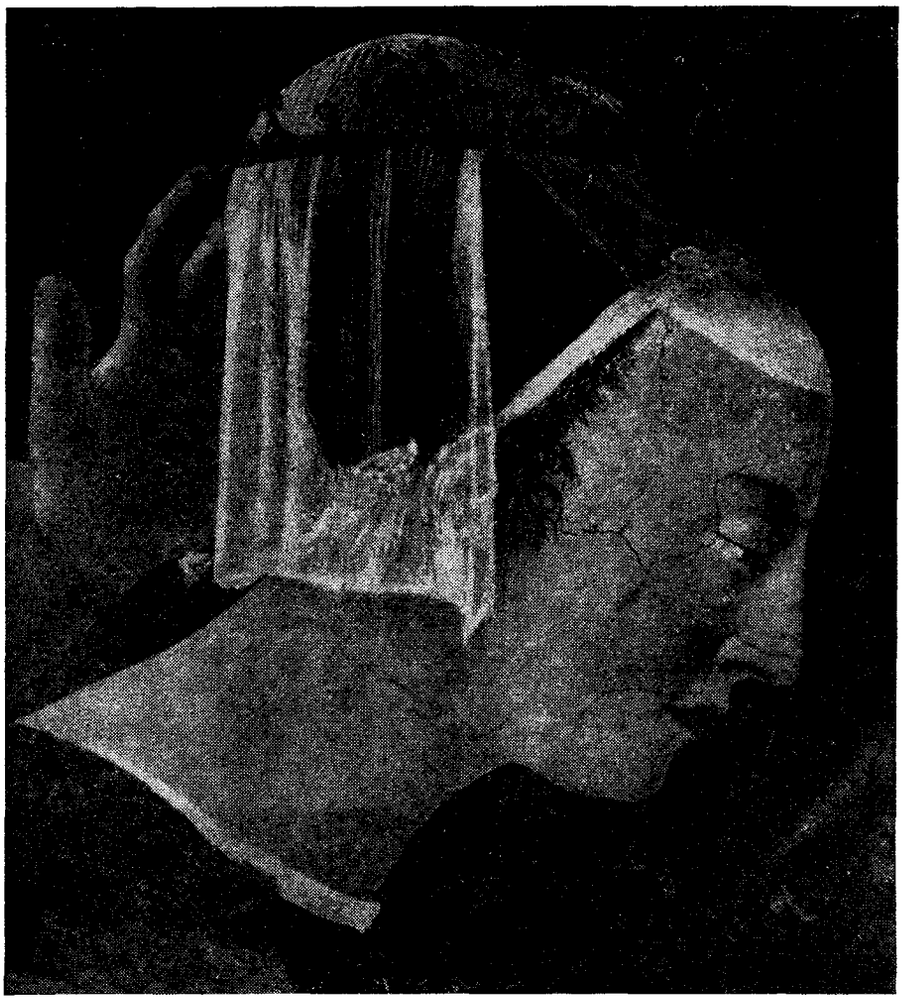
ests at one time, or it may succeed on one count and fail on another. How then can the critic judge it as a whole?

Mr. Boas builds a strong case and raises technical problems too large to be discussed here. I call attention only to certain questionable implications of his advice to critics. When he points to the wisdom of renouncing evaluation and substituting the role of explanation, interpretation, and analysis, does he not assume that the critic who follows his advice will be safe from the hazards of evaluation? But is this actually so? When the critic "explains," he cannot state *all* the facts. He must present those he considers relevant, i.e., important to understanding. He selects, and in selecting is he not applying value judgments? No doubt the principles on which he selects may be hidden even from himself. But they are surely there nevertheless.

Again, Mr. Boas implies that critics who praise or blame look mistakenly for "esthetic standards by means of which any work of art can *finally* be judged." (Italics mine.) But where are the "absolutist" critics today who think this? To expect any judgment to be final is surely rare and naive. Most critics, instructed in anthropology and psychology, recognize modestly that they speak within the limited context of their age and culture. They have gladly conceded the folly of "legislation"—telling people what they "ought" to like, knowing that liking cannot be dictated. Where they differ from the relativist is in the belief that appraisals, though never final, can be better or worse, and that to compare them is to resort to a standard, implied if not stated. And they hold that a critic can become a better critic, improving his judgments of art. Here also a standard must be at least implied. One way to improve is for the critic to postpone judgment until he has done his utmost to explain, interpret, analyze. This study, which Mr. Boas would substitute for appraisals, is rather their necessary basis. Unless appraisal follows study, why make the study? And what need to deprive the spectator of the critic's considered judgments, to be taken or left?

Critic and spectator alike should find Mr. Boas's book stimulating and enlightening, whether or not they are convinced that criticism should become one department in the history of ideas.

Richard Guggenheimer, a painter himself, discusses what is of first importance to other artists, the kind of creative experience necessary to produce great art. He calls this "creative vision." He also is a relativist, but the relation he stresses is one not



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commonly emphasized of late: the correspondence between the quality of a work of art and the artist's character. "Art is not so dependent upon skill as upon virtue." Since creative vision is "total vision," the painter brings his whole personality to a focus in the act, and the quality of that personality is of highest importance. This is not to judge personality in terms of conformity to conventional mores. The artist is judged rather by his attainment of maturity and integration, intellectual, emotional, and spiritual. The great character is achieved by a man who rises above the distractions of practical concerns and the limits of egocentric infantilism to see life whole. Whether he paints a still-life or the converging tracks of a railroad, he will then see his subject in its relation to the whole pattern of existence, and create a painting which opens the spectator's eyes to a wider vision; the study of art in the end is justified by what it offers to the art of living.

There are echoes here of "rare spirits," the love-of-beauty mystics, for example, and Matthew Arnold, whose favorite dramatist "saw life steadily and saw it whole." Mr. Guggenheimer acknowledges a debt to Bergson's account of the life force and to his conception of the artist as a seer who at his best gets behind the flux of appearances to things in themselves; and he makes a liberal use of physics and psychology in outlining the discipline that leads to creative vision.

As the reader has no doubt gathered, these books are extremely different. Happily they differ in a way that makes each a useful supplement to the other.

Frances Blanshard is author of "Retreat from Likeness in the Theory of Painting."

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A Recent Phase of Magic

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING: From Picasso to Surrealism. By Maurice Raynal, Jacques Lassaigne, and others. Planned and directed by Albert Skira. New York: Skira. 210 pp. $15.

By Walter Pach

HAVING told here, in my accounts of the two preceding volumes of the present series, how remarkable is their technical excellence, I pass on, almost directly, to the text and its problems. I pause only to say that the 112 plates in color here given represent the furthest advance in such book illustration that I have seen. Sometimes they are things of beauty in themselves; yet there is also danger in that fact, for people are prone to think that such imagery is accurate, whereas it diverges radically in many instances from the quality of the original and thus creates a misunderstanding which black-and-white does not; with the latter we have to use imagination instead of supinely accepting reproductions as equivalent to the originals.

Maurice Raynal, who contributes the chief part of the text, genuinely illuminates his portrait of a period in which he was himself a notable participant. Intimate with many of the most important painters he writes about, his recollections are source material, and they are enlivened by brilliant historical sidelights on men and events. This is a rich book, therefore, and it has been translated with rare understanding.

Proceeding now to certain queries, or even objections, what is one to think of the treatment of England and the United States? As to the former country and its great recent strides in art the book has singularly little to say. Of Roger Fray's immense contribution to the understanding of modern art (and not only in England), of the two great exhibitions he organized at the Grafton Gallery very early in the struggle of the moderns for the recognition which they owe so largely to him not even a mention is made. The fact becomes the more conspicuous when we notice how many illustrations in this volume are drawn from London collections, like those of Douglas Cooper and Roland Penrose.

Americans may perhaps demur on the opposite ground. About an artist of ours, in whom we may indeed take pride, one reads, "As a painter of skies, storms, and seas peopled with sails, Marin is unequaled." The writer surely had in mind to say "in the present period"; yet when I asked three impartial people if it were fair to draw attention to this lapse, they spontaneously broke out with, "What of Brueghel, Greco, Ruisdael? Where does that leave Constable, Turner, Courbet?" We are assailed by further doubt as to the information furnished in America to the French authors when we come on a statement about Charles Demuth: "Today he concentrates his passion for simplification and for the absolute—," other references to the artist likewise ignoring his death in 1935.

Of course, it is on its treatment of men like Picasso, Braque, Juan Gris, and Villon that the book stands or falls, and it may be said unreservedly that here M. Raynal has done superb work. With the logic on which cubism is founded, the chief school of the artists mentioned admits of more explanation than does that of the Byzantines, the Dutch, or the earlier moderns — however mysterious the latter-day men still appear to many people. What we want to know is how valuable Picasso and the others are. To decide that, we must first understand the necessity for their procedure, and I think that the authors, by their penetration into the psychology of our period, do really establish the position of the artists treated as the genuine—I will say, indeed, the only genuine—expressors of what is distinctive in the modern time. To qualify: I doubt that they intend to make out such a case for Kandinsky. He is of those who, in the words quoted by Juan Gris from Voltaire, "resort to abstraction in order to appear profound," and the upshot is the same even though the painter's intentions were completely honest. Other moderns of lesser stature might well have been mentioned.

Yet even Kandinsky was of those who carry on that quality of art referred to by the present authors as having been at the base of the great effort of Egypt, Greece, and, indeed, of all countries and all periods. Art has always been a phase of magic. That word is necessary to describe its survival and its appeal for us today. Some words of Giorgio di Chirico in this book are to the point; he speaks of the "mysteries lying all the time within our reach and which we cannot see because we are too short-sighted."

Modern art has opened the eyes of many already and, as its real masters are better known, it will render the same service to innumerable other people.

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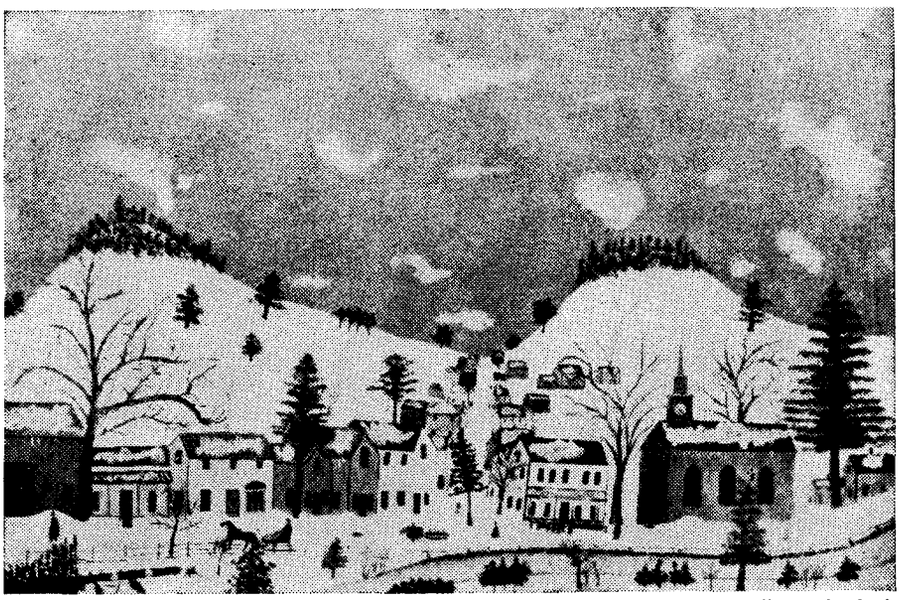
"The Copley Family," by John Singleton Copley.



—*From the book.*

"American Landscape," by L. Whitney.

AMERICAN PAINTING. By Virgil Barker. New York: The Macmillan Co. 717 pp. 100 illustrations. $12.50.

By HOLGER CAHILL

AMERICAN painting is a subject which has proved elusive to its historians. This does not mean we have not had good books about it. William Dunlap, the Vasari of American art (1834), laid the groundwork, but he was not a man without bias, and, since art historians like to copy each other, judgments on some of our strongest painters have been flawed down to our own day by his dislikes, his failures of understanding, and his anxiety about the artist's respectability. Benjamin Tuckerman (1867) was a compiler of information on mid-century painters and sculptors but he laid out few well-defined avenues for historical thinking, and as a critic he was outranked by the more perceptive James Jackson Jarves. Samuel Isham (1905) made logical groupings, worked out orderly time sequences, and applied a consistent standard of professional criticism. But like his predecessors he knew little about American beginnings in the seventeenth century, and his critical standard was so narrow that it made him unable to see the artisan portraits that stand at the headwaters of the American tradition in painting.

Since Isham's time the best books have been monographs on individual artists or special subjects such as colonial painting, provincial art, genre, and romanticism, or general surveys in which painting appears as a thread in an overall pattern of American art and life. These have prepared the ground for a sound, general work, but not until the appearance of Virgil Barker's book has any writer been able to hold the subject precise and clear in his prose and to match its quality with the distinction of his own thought. In the clarity, sweep, and concentration of his thinking Mr. Barker renews our vision of the American tradition.

The main concern of an art historian should be a loving study of the works of art themselves and Mr. Barker never forgets this. Though he knows well the surrounding forest of biography and political history he never lets the trees crowd too close. Like a well-designed landscape his history is a combination of near and far views, the generalized scene and the small detail alive with the light and air and revealing shadow of its surroundings. In the conviction that the essence of history is the usual he has made a fuller study than any other writer of our "continuous and strong tradition of common art." But though he does not neglect this surrounding and sustaining element he always keeps in view the great talents and men of genius: the Freake Master in the seventeenth century; Feke, Copley, Earl, and Stuart in the eighteenth, and in the nineteenth, Allston, Bingham, the Hudson River men, the painters of grandiloquent scenery, the poetic landscapist and figure painters, and finally three great masters whose work bridges the nineteenth and twentieth centuries: Ryder, Homer, and Eakins.

In a few lines Mr. Barker is able to state the specific quality of the romantic Washington Allston, "his heart swelling with destiny"; of a still-life painter like Raphaelle Peale, in whose work "an unconscious mysticism of matter quieted into stillness ... shelters the spirit's intensest life"; of George Caleb Bingham, "the true history painter of the mid-century"; of Charles Willson Peale, painter and patriot, "that mild, benevolent, and good man," who was possibly the most versatile of American craftsmen; of the bitterly tragic Blakelock and

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the mystic and poetic Inness, and of the "third force" in American art, the audience or patron.

The most powerful chapters are those on John Singleton Copley, who "massively enlarged a parochial craft into comprehensive art"; on Albert Pinkham Ryder, who created experience out of imagination and made a world not otherwise to be known; on Winslow Homer, who lost himself so completely in America out-of-doors that by "a continually refreshed brush stroke" he turned what he considered reportage into powerful pictorial unity; and on Thomas Eakins. The book closes with Eakins, an intellectual who thought in paint and whose pictures, like the sound Spanish work he admired as a young man, are "so good, so strong, so reasonable, so free from every affectation."

The period since the turn of the century, as Mr. Barker explains in his preface, he has left for another volume. One hopes that he will write it soon for in his panorama of the period between 1670 and 1900 he has raised the standards of American art criticism and given us a continuously interesting and readable book.

Holger Cahill is the author of "New Horizons in American Art," "American Art Today," and other books.

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CONGENIAL, VERSATILE GAL seeks correspondence with interesting people. Box 308-E.

YOUNG MAN, printing facilities at disposal, some capital, interested entering publishing field, seeks ideas; will try anything on partnership basis. Box 309-E.

WHY WHITHER AWAY? says withering male, when there may be a little hail this-a-way? Box 310-E

YOUNG MALE Tschaikovsky-Sibelius sentimentalist and amateur pianist - teacher - composer welcomes femalodic correspondence. Box 311-E.

PERSONALS

WRITER (male) would like companion for 2 months' winter visit to delightful West Indies isle. Share expenses. Box 326-E.

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MALE, single, 30, ex-actor, personable, seeks position, nice financial returns. Not greedy, but hungry, huh? Ready, willing, able. D. Rhode, 1314 Ave. K, Brooklyn. NAvarre 8-9764 after 7 P.M.

YOUNG MAN ADRIFT—seeks lifeline in exchange of ideas, ideals with opposite number. Box 278-E.

ADVENTUROUS MALE, 19, desires unusual work anywhere. Box 280-E.

DAUGHTER (13) SON (9) want to spend next summer on farm . . . swimming accessible. Preferably Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey. Box 282-E.

BUY advantageously now New Hampshire, Vermont. Contact: Dean, West Canaan, New Hampshire.

YOUNG MAN, interested music, literature invites female correspondence. Box 284-E.

UNEMPLOYED YOUNG JOURNALIST *will correspond* with publisher's daughter. Box 285-E.

WANTED: by efficient veteran, 30 years old—smokes, drinks, out for coffee, good job, short hours, big salary. Box 286-E.

YOUNG WOMAN, physician, enjoying music, sports, children, invites male correspondence. Box 287-E.

HOMESPUN CHAP—no Lothario, no dandy, plugs for chow, favors tennis, square dancing for "wow", humanitarianism appeals to his brow, seeks correspondents. Box 288-E.

WOMAN—bored by immaturity—invites adult correspondence. Box 290-E.

WANTED: correspondence by mature gal interested in people, places and things. Box 291-E.

MATURE WOMAN seeks to prove that correspondence with cultured gentleman is more interesting than television as a mode of entertainment. Box 292-E.

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RESPONSIBLE YOUNG MAN, moving back to NYC, needs unfurnished apartment. $30. tops. (Village preferred) Box 294-E.

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YOUNG MAN, good-humored, intelligent, arriving Los Angeles, early December, wants congenial male companion on quiet, casual tour of southwest, to drive, share expenses hired car. Box 306-E.

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REFINED YOUNG MAN desires position as companion, Man Friday in gentleman's household. Garden, type, driver's license. Box 315-E.

EXTREMELY LONELY YOUNG MALE, writer, seeks stimulating, unconventional feminine correspondence. Box 316-E.

BUSINESS GIRL, middle-old, has room Christmas stocking SRL mail. Box 317-E.

WANTED: congenial sailing partner, New Yorker to match my $1,000. Buy cruising sailboat for use Long Island Sound. NYC, Stillwell 6-2622.

A LONELY MATURE GENTLEMAN, educated, understanding, varied interests, should correspond with a counterpart. Box 319-E.

ATHLETIC YOUNG BUSINESS MAN would correspond with charming, intelligent and sincere female. Box 320-E.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 871

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

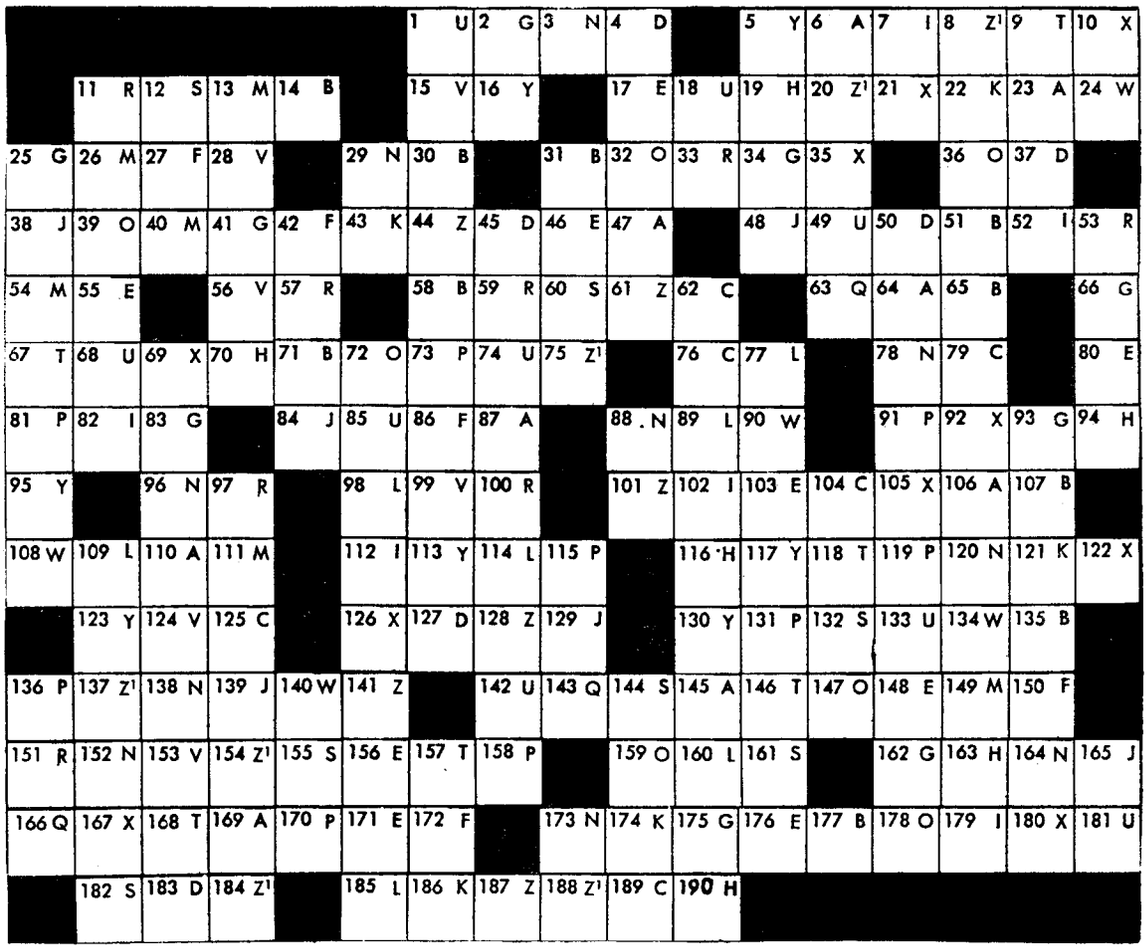
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Of present or recent time (comp.).	169 64 110 6 106 23 87 145 47
B. Thoroughfare in London once noted as home of petty writers and hacks (2 wds.).	135 65 51 31 30 71 107 14 177 58
C. Eurasian plant root used widely until 1869 in dyeing.	189 76 104 125 79 62
D. Greek lyric poet of 6th century B.C., fragments of whose work are extant.	183 45 4 50 127 37
E. Popular story for young folks, by woman writer, 1871 (2 wds.).	46 148 156 171 103 17 176 55 80
F. Virginia justice of the peace, whose methods continue in the South today (1736-96).	86 172 27 42 150
G. To listen secretly to what is said in private.	83 2 34 41 25 66 175 93 162
H. Part of the eye (anat. and zool.).	94 163 19 116 190 70
I. Sources of irritation or distress (fig.).	179 7 102 52 82 112
J. A chasm; a break, as in a manuscript.	129 38 48 84 139 165
K. A fixed time, esp. one marked by significant events.	174 22 186 43 121
L. Consisting of lines as metrical units.	77 98 160 185 89 109 114
M. Tiny injurious insects on onions, tobacco, and some grasses.	54 111 13 26 40 149
N. Description of being or essential nature.	96 3 88 138 120 164 29 173 78 152

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. British artist and illustrator, esp. of children's classics (1867-1939).	32 36 72 147 159 178 39
P. Emperor of Japan whose son was regent in 1919-26.	158 131 91 115 119 73 170 136 81
Q. To confess frankly and fully (colloq.; with "up").	166 63 143
R. Hero in title of Hawthorne's first novel published 1826, anonymously.	97 33 57 151 59 53 11 100
S. Battle in Barons' War, England, Aug. 4, 1265, in which Simon de Montfort was slain.	60 132 12 161 182 155 144
T. Somewhat crude.	9 168 146 67 118 157
U. A Pharisee, ruler of the Jews, and secret follower of Jesus (Bib.).	18 133 49 85 181 74 1 142 68
V. Irish-born portrait painter (1796-1863; studio in New York City).	56 124 28 99 15 153
W. Author of "Story of a Short Life."	90 108 24 134 140
X. An affectation.	69 21 180 92 122 105 167 35 126 10
Y. American composer of light operas (1898-1946; "Smiles," etc.).	95 5 113 130 123 117 16
Z. Companion whom Hercules threw into the sea (Gr. myth.).	187 61 128 141 44 101
Z¹. Ancient city of Asia Minor, center of Diana's cult and associated with Paul (Bib.).	8 154 137 20 184 188 75

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 27 of this issue.

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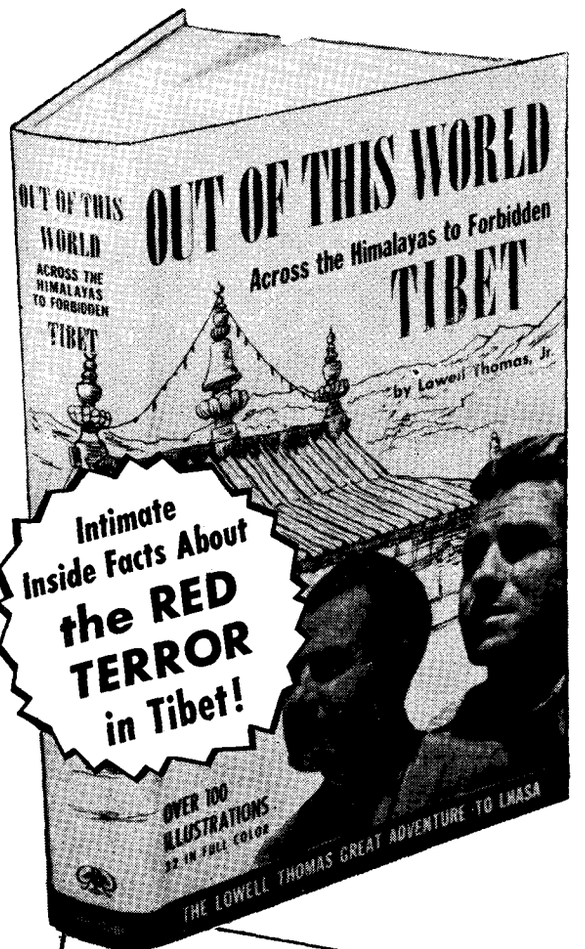
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